MOUNT REGIS

1932

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THE
MOUNT REGIS

Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS *of* REGIS COLLEGE

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

1932

With deepest affection and loving gratitude,
for the tender devotion watching over us,
for the supreme faith in our successes,
for the selfless love crowning our
college years with happiness,

We,

THE CLASS OF 1932,

dedicate this volume
of the
MOUNT REGIS
to our
MOTHERS and FATHERS

REGIS
COLLEGE

Prologue

Within these pages we have captured the fleeting memories of our precious years at the stately College on the Hill—golden memories of days and hours brimming over with youth and happiness—priceless years in the halls of our Alma Mater. Here we record in fragile words our achievements, our ambitions, our eager, youthful dreams, our soaring hopes. And though these words may one day fade into oblivion, forever will their vibrant echoes sound enduring music in our hearts.

Class of 1932

His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, *Archbishop of Boston*
President ex-officio

Executive Officers

His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell
Archbishop of Boston
President ex-officio

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Campus

Faculty

Classes

Societies

Literature

Notions

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The Reverend John L. Johnson	Brockton
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Mrs. Anna Thomas . . . . . Watertown
Mr. and Mrs. John A. Zubaitis . . . . . Manchester, N. H.

To Our Faculty

O ye who spread before our minds the riches of the years,
Who gave to us the truths of faith, the lore of learned seers,
See now our tale of gratitude unroll upon this page.
You gave to us our ideals high, our arms against the age.
With you, past eras lived for us, the sage and poet spoke;
We read the classics of all times, the tongues of foreign folk.
We learned from you that science links with God throughout the years,
And now you send us forth equipped to scorn and banish fears.
We honor you and reverence you —we keep your teachings grave;
Enshrined within our loyal hearts we hold the truths you gave;
And gratefully throughout the years our humble prayer will be
"May God His choicest graces send and bless OUR FACULTY."

THE REVEREND AUGUSTINE F. HICKEY
S.T.L.; Ed.D.

Professor of Senior Religion

The Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, A.M., S.T.L.

Education

The Reverend Robert H. Lord, Ph.D.

History

The Reverend Otis F. Kelly, M.D.

Psychology

The Reverend John J. Johnson, S.T.L.

Religion

The Reverend Joseph K. Madore, Ph.B.

Religion

The Reverend Frederick Mulrey, S.T.L.

Philosophy, Aesthetics

The Reverend Ambrose Hennessey, S.T.D.

Ethics, Italian

The Reverend Thomas A. Flynn, A.B.

Religion

The Reverend Edward Dowd, A.B.

Philosophy

Frederick J. Gillis, Ph.D.

Education

William J. Carey, M.B.A.

Economics

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Expression

Mary E. Kittredge, A.M.

Biology

Agnes Gallivan, A.M.

English

Dorothy M. Lyons, A.M.

English

Ellen Greany, A.M.

Education

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Household Economics

Caroline E. MacGill, A.B.
Economics

Grace A. Hawley, A.B.

Secretarial Science

Josephine Cogan, B.S.

Physical Training

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Secretary . . . . . Marie M. McLaughlin

Treasurer . . . . . Frances M. LeBossiere

Loretta Regina Andrews, A.B.
129 Winthrop Avenue
Revere, Massachusetts

"Devout, yet cheerful: pious, not austere,
To others lenient, to herself sincere."

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 2, 3, 4; Secretary of the Mount Regis; Student Government 3; Sigma Tau Phi, Secretary 3, Vice-President 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire, Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 4; Ivory Gate 4; Reading Club 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Josephine Mary Angelo, B.S.
6 Oakland Avenue
Somerville, Massachusetts

"A sunshine heart
And a soul of song."

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Ivory Gate 4; Home Economics Club, President 4; Ethelon Club 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Frances Mary Bergin, A.B.
5 Quincy Street
Worcester, Massachusetts

"The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 3; Literary Society 1, 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Government 4; Ethelon Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Dolores Agnes Bresnahan, A.B.
55 Buzzell Street
Manchester, New Hampshire

"Be always brave and true and lovely,
Vivid and happy, gay as you are now."

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 2, 3, 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Ruth Emily Burke, B.S.
10 Holiday Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Good humor only teaches charms to last,
"Still makes new conquests and maintains the past."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1; Der Deutsche Verein 1; Literary Club 1, 2; Ethelon Club 4; Spanish Club 4; Secretarial Club, President 4; Glee Club 1; Sophomore Hop Committee 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Clare Margaret Conley, A.B.
62 Perthshire Road
Brighton, Massachusetts

"Spirited, frail, naïvely bold,
Her hair a ruffled crest of gold."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Business Manager of the Mount Regis; Class Treasurer 1, 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2, 3, 4; Ethelon Club, Secretary 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Junior Week Committee 3; Sophomore Hop Committee 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Frances Elizabeth Connor, A.B.
77 Pennsylvania Avenue
Somerville, Massachusetts

"There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 3; Junior Week Committee 3; Sigma Tau Phi 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Ivory Gate 4; Literary Society 1, 2, 3; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Agnes Catherine Delaney, A.B.
42 Amory Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"Haste thee nymph and bring with
Jest and youthful jollity."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Art Editor of the Mount Regis; Ivory Gate 4; Literary Club 1, 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Classical Club 3, 4; Reading Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mary Carolyn Donnelly, A.B.
38 Manomet Road
Newton Center, Massachusetts

"Little exquisite surprises
And bubbling deliciousness from thee arises."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Literary Club 1, 2; Ethelon Club, Vice-President 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Rita Cecilia Donohue, B.S.
70 Mount Vernon Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts

"Thine eyes are springs in whose serene
And silent waters content is seen."

Sodality 2, 3, Vice-President 4; Sacred Heart League 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 2, 3, 4; Ethelon Club 4; Reading Club 4; Louis Pasteur Club 4; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2; Home Economics Club 2, 3, Treasurer 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Ruth Sheilah Donohue, B.S.
70 Mount Vernon Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts

"Curls and dimples are a few
Charms you have a gracious crowd of—"

Sodality 2, 3, Secretary 4; Sacred Heart League 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 2, 3, 4; Ethelon Club 4; Junior Week Committee 3; Home Economics Club 2, Vice-President 3, 4; Louis Pasteur Club 4; Reading Club 4; Der Deutsche Verein 2, 3; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Ruth Barbara Douglass, A.B.
137 Pleasant Street
Lowell, Massachusetts

"Give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2, 3; Literary Club 1, 2, 3; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Veronica Irma Feeney, A.B.
4 Cataumet Street
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

"Serene I fold my hands and wait
Nor care for wind nor tide nor sea."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Government, Secretary 1, 2; Literary Club 1, 2; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Sophomore Hop Committee 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 1, 2.

Marion Elizabeth Fuir, A.B.
57 Estes Street
Lynn, Massachusetts

"Genteel in personage, conduct and equipage,
Noble by heritage; generous and free."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League, Secretary 1, 2, 3, President 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Government, President 4; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2; Ivory Gate 4; Literary Club 1, 2; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Elizabeth White Hennessey, A.B.
1720 Beacon Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

"*Oh lady, nobility is thine,*
And thy form is the reflection of thy nature."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Government, Treasurer 1, 2, Vice-President 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Glee Club 1, President 4; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Literary Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ruth Hodges, A.B.
37 Benton Road
Somerville, Massachusetts

"*A lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded*
A rose with its sweetest leaves yet folded."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Editor of the Mount Regis; Student Government 1, 2; Ivory Gate 4; Der Deutsche Verein 1; Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club, Secretary 2; Literary Society 1, 2, 3, Secretary 3; Foreign Mission Society, Secretary 1, 2, 3; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Junior Week Committee 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

GERTRUDE MARIE HORGAN, A.B.
97 Lake Avenue
Newton Center, Massachusetts

"The joy of youth and health her eye conveyed,
And ease of heart her every look displayed."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief of the MOUNT REGIS; Class Vice-President 1, 2, 4; Chairman, Junior Week Committee 3; Ivory Gate, President 4; Literary Society 1, 2, 3, Secretary 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Sigma Tau Phi 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Ethelon Club 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Reading Club 4; Chairman Sophomore Hop 2; Louis Pasteur Club 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

KATHLEEN BENEDICTA LANDREY, A.B.
81 Toxteth Street
Brookline, Massachusetts

"Smooth run the waters where the brook is deep."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Sigma Tau Phi 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 1; Literary Club 1, 2; Ivory Gate 4; Reading Club, President 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Frances Augusta Laubner, A.B.
93 Collins Street
Lynn, Massachusetts

"*The reason firm, the temperate will,*
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2; Ivory Gate 4; Literary Society 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mary Frances Le Bossiere, A.B.
580 Broad Street
East Weymouth, Massachusetts

"*Good nature and good sense must ever join.*"

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Treasurer 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Dramatic Club 3; Glee Club 1, 2, Vice-President 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Gertrude Ann Lynch, B.S.
63 Brow Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1; Louis Pasteur Club 4; Home Economics Club, Treasurer 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ellen Frances Lyons, A.B.
21 Day Street
North Easton, Massachusetts

"We meet thee, like pleasant thoughts,
When such are wanted."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Sigma Tau Phi 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Josephine Mary Mahoney, B.S.
9 Buchanan Road
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"*There's nothing worth the wear of winning.*
Save laughter and the love of friends."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Advertising Manager of the Mount Regis; Le Cénacle Littéraire Vice-President 1; Der Deutsche Verein 1; Literary Club 1, 2; Secretarial Club 4; Ethelon Club 4; Sophomore Hop Committee 2; Junior Week Committee 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Marie Margaret McLaughlin, A.B.
263 Pond Street
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts

"*Her air had a meaning, her movements a grace,*
You turned from the fairest to gaze on her face."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 1, 4; Literary Society 1, Vice-President 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Sigma Tau Phi 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Junior Week Committee 3; Sophomore Hop Committee 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Catherine Rose McQueeney, A.B.
78 Harvard Avenue
Brookline, Massachusetts

"*Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,*
Eyes of gold, and bramble-dew,
Steel-true, and blade-straight."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Assistant Editor of the Mount Regis; Class Vice-President 3; Student Government 1, 2; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, 2; Sigma Tau Phi, President 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, President 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Literary Club 1, 2, Secretary 1; Ivory Gate, Vice-President 4; Reading Club 4; Social Committee 4; Junior Week Committee 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Ann Jean Paone, A.B.
335 Broadway
Revere, Massachusetts

"*Quips and cranks and wanton wiles*
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Sigma Tau Phi 3, Secretary 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1; Glee Club 2, 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Leona Amy Powers, B.S.
38 Harvard Street
Arlington, Massachusetts

"Be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee."

Sodality 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club 3, 4; Louis Pasteur Club 4; Ethelon Club 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Margaret Alice Riley, A.B.
668 North Main Street
Randolph, Massachusetts

"Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, Prefect 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, President 4; Class President 3, 4; Student Government 3; Sigma Tau Phi Vice-President 2; Der Deutsche Verein 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Society 1, 2; Dramatic Club 4; Philomel Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Fire Squad 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Margaret Ellen Sheridan, A.B.
54 Buckingham Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, Treasurer 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Business Manager of the Mount Regis; Class President 1; Der Deutsche Verein 1; Student Government 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, Secretary 4; Literary Club 1; Fire Squad 3; Athletic Association 1, 4, President 2, 3.

Catherine Veronica Sullivan, B.S.
21 Dustin Street
Brighton, Massachusetts

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
My crown is called content."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Economics Club 3, 4; Louis Pasteur Club 4; Ethelon Club 4; Der Deutsche Verein, Treasurer 1; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Catherine Ford Taylor, B.S.
77 Franklin Street
Watertown, Massachusetts

"A mind with days in goodness spent,
A heart at peace with all below."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Society 1, 2; Der Deutsche Verein 1; Spanish Club 4; Ivory Gate 4; Dramatic Club 4; Glee Club 1; Ethelon Club 4; Secretarial Club 4; Sigma Tau Phi 4; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Marie Vaughn Taylor, A.B.
186 East Haverhill Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts

"A cheerful life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Le Cénacle Littéraire 1, Treasurer 2, 3, President 4; Ethelon Club 3, 4; Literary Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Doris Mary White, A.B.
71 Cushing Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts

"*A poet could not but be gay*
In such a jocund company."

Sodality 1, 2, 3, 4; Sacred Heart League 1, 2, 3, 4; Foreign Mission Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Society 1, 2; Sigma Tau Phi 3, Treasurer 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Sister Edwardette, A.B.

Sister Pierre, A.B.

Sister Vera, A.B.

Senior Class

Andrews, Loretta R.	129 Winthrop Ave., Revere
Angelo, Josephine M.	6 Oakland Ave., Somerville
Bergin, Frances M.	5 Quincy St., Worcester
Bresnahan, Dolores A.	55 Buzzell St., Manchester, N. H.
Burke, Ruth E.	10 Holiday St., Dorchester
Conley, Clare M.	62 Perthshire Rd., Brighton
Connor, Frances E.	77 Pennsylvania Ave., Somerville
Delaney, Agnes C.	42 Amory St., Cambridge
Donnelly, Mary C.	38 Manomet Rd., Newton Center
Donohue, Rita C.	70 Mount Vernon St., Lawrence
Donohue, Ruth S.	70 Mount Vernon St., Lawrence
Douglass, Ruth B.	137 Pleasant St., Lowell
Feeney, Veronica I.	4 Cataumet St., Jamaica Plain
Fuir, Marion E.	57 Estes St., Lynn
Hennessey, Elizabeth W.	1720 Beacon St., Brookline
Hodges, Ruth	37 Benton Rd., Somerville
Horgan, Gertrude M.	97 Lake Ave., Newton Center
Landrey, Kathleen B.	81 Toxteth St., Brookline
Laubner, Frances A.	93 Collins St., Lynn
LeBossiere, Mary F.	580 Broad St., East Weymouth
Lynch, Gertrude A.	63 Brow St., Fall River
Lyons, Ellen F.	21 Day St., North Easton
Mahoney, Josephine M.	9 Buchanan Rd., Roslindale
McLaughlin, Marie M.	263 Pond St., Jamaica Plain
McQueeney, Catherine R.	78 Harvard Ave., Brookline
Paone, Ann J.	335 Broadway, Revere
Powers, Leona Amy	38 Harvard St., Arlington Heights
Riley, Margaret A.	668 North Main St., Randolph
Sheridan, Margaret E.	54 Buckingham St., Cambridge
Sullivan, Catherine V.	21 Dustin St., Brighton
Taylor, Catherine F.	77 Franklin St., Watertown
Taylor, Marie V.	186 East Haverhill St., Lawrence
White, Doris M.	71 Cushing St., Cambridge
Sister Edwardette	Framingham
Sister Pierre	Framingham
Sister Vera	Framingham

R. Hodges
JUNIORS

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President . . . . . Julie D. Saunders

Vice-President . . . . . Dorothea M. Fennell

Secretary . . . . . Margaret A. Donovan

Treasurer . . . . . Esther T. Donohoe

Junior Class

Amendola, Antoinette C.	304 Adams St., Newton
Bartley, Margaret M.	332 Haverhill St., Lawrence
Bowen, Mary L.	30 Park St., Lynn
Bradley, Ruth G.	11 Parker St., Maynard
Brosnan, Marguerite E.	505 High St., Lowell
Burke, Mary E.	86 Loring Rd., Winthrop
Burns, Mary R.	8 Marathon St., Arlington
Caputo, Rose E.	12 Kilsyth Terr., Brookline
Colahan, Dorothy M.	73 Bynner St., Jamaica Plain
Condon, Mary N.	50 Exeter St., Lawrence
Cronin, Helen M.	64 Central St., Wellesley
Donohoe, Esther T.	408 High St., Lowell
Donovan, Margaret A.	87 Washington St., Newton
Dunn, Dorothy C.	221 Metropolitan Ave., Roslindale
Dunn, Edna F.	31 Lyndhurst St., Dorchester
Fennell, Mary D.	116 Russett Rd., West Roxbury
Fitzgerald, Alice M.	30 Glen Rd., Wellesley
Fitzsimmons, Pauline C.	196 Chestnut St., Gardner
Flaherty, Teresa E.	32 Hartz St., Gloucester
Flannery, Esther A.	26 Green St., Newton
Foley, Mary T.	547 Maple St., Manchester, N. H.
Gallagher, Florence M.	17 Ocean St., Dorchester
Givren, Margaret J.	3 Highland Terr., Brockton
Griffin, Margaret M.	243 Wibird St., Portsmouth, N. H.
Hogg, Katherine A.	30 Monroe St., Fitchburg
Hynes, Mary L.	1441 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn.
James, Ruth M.	1811 Beacon St., Brookline
Lavin, Rita A.	39 Western Ave., Cliftondale
McAnally, Catherine E.	590 Lowell St., Lawrence
McBride, Doris G.	22 Bow St., Belmont
McDonnell, Marion C.	State St., Groveton, N. H.
McNamara, Claire E.	298 North Harvard St., Allston
Michaud, Leonora	Eagle Lake, Maine
Mulcahy, Eileen E.	26 Waverly Ave., Lowell
Murphy, Isabella M.	Hartford Ave., North Bellingham
Murphy, Madeline G.	440 Main St., Hyannis
Mutch, Catherine M.	50 Roslyn Rd., Waban
Neelon, Ruth G.	35 County Rd., Chelsea
Phelan, Elizabeth H.	55 Shore Dr., Lynn
Quinn, Helen G.	21 Fuller St., Dorchester
Rogers, Eileen J.	315 Franklin St., Newton
Saunders, Julie D.	403 Andover St., Lowell
Sheehan, Mildred A.	25 Sydney St., Dorchester
Sullivan, Ruth A.	17 Bentley St., Brighton
Trafton, Katherine H.	788 Farmington Ave., West Hartford, Conn.
Walsh, Helen M.	58 Borden St., New Bedford
Yates, Margaret M.	23 Vine St., New Bedford
Zubaitis, Christina M.	331 Central St., Manchester, N. H.
Sister Jose	Framingham
Sister Marynia	Framingham
Sister Marysia	Framingham
Sister Monessa	Framingham
Sister Paschalita	Framingham
Sister Tarcisius	Framingham

SOPHOMORES
R C Delaney

Sophomore Class Officers

President . . . . . Mildred F. Gallagher

Vice-President . . . . . Juliet M. Moran

Secretary . . . . . Constance J. Gai

Treasurer . . . . . Gertrude A. Grady

Sophomore Class

Barrett, Mary C.	Maplewood Farm, New London, N. H.
Bell, Muriel F.	Bennington, N. H.
Boscketti, Katherine M.	19 Bellevue St., Lawrence
Brown, Gertrude A.	28 Ninth Ave., Haverhill
Burke, Anna T.	59 Berkley St., Fall River
Burke, Eleanor D.	71 Elk Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Carroll, Mary E.	18 Kenrick St., Brighton
Casey, Margaret L.	114 Congress St., Milford
Clark, Phyllis M.	Milford Hotel, Manchester, N. H.
Coffey, Arline M.	4 Sheridan St., Lawrence
Coleman, Anna C.	252 Islington Rd., Auburndale
Collins, Ruth M.	15 Kneeland St., Boston
Corliss, Mary P.	75 Bennett St., Brighton
Daly, Eleanor C.	10 Chestnut St., Andover
Daly, Mary J.	291 Centre St., Dorchester
De Leo, Claire A.	230 Wilson Rd., Nahant
Douglass, Eileen N.	137 Pleasant St., Lowell
Drury, Mary F.	1011 South St., Roslindale
Dwyer, Mary A.	128 Kent St., Brookline
Finn, Mary C.	199 Allyn Place, Hartford, Conn.
Finneran, Margaret F.	48 Round Hill St, Jamaica Plain
Gai, Constance J. Risegari	21 Central St., Auburndale
Gallagher, Mildred F.	588 Adams St., Milton
Glynn, Mary F.	25 Glen St., Malden
Grady, Gertrude A.	10 Sprague St., Revere
Gray, Mary A.	89 Lawrence St., Haverhill
Haley, Helen J.	126 Lake St., Arlington
Hannon, Geraldine M.	38 Central St., West Concord
Hayden, Catherine D.	Sparrow Lane, Peabody
Hennessey, Mary A.	Dalton Rd., Whitefield, N. H.
Hertgen, Christine M.	360 La Grange St., West Roxbury
Hicks, Elizabeth A.	15 Spalding St., Jamaica Plain
Holihan, Mary E.	54 Bradford St., Lawrence
Houlihan, Marguerite J.	35 St. Clement Rd., West Somerville
Keefe, Frances	23 Cottage St., Franklin
La Pointe, Mary M.	112 Marine Rd., South Boston
Lynch, Claire C.	305 Main St., Milford
McAuliffe, Frances H.	16 Henry St., Hartford, Conn.
McIntyre, Anne H.	125 Circuit Rd., Winthrop
McNamara, Alice F.	298 North Harvard St., Allston
Moran, Juliet M.	1250 Fellsway, Melrose
Morse, Katherine	Harbor View House, East Gloucester
Murray, Esther E.	84 East Haverhill St., Lawrence
Murphy, Isabel D.	12 Atherton St., Stoughton
O'Brien, Mary J.	12 South Crescent Circuit, Brighton
O'Reilly, Ann M.	14 Thomas Pk., South Boston
Quigley, Mary F.	249 Green St., Manchester, N. H.
Quinn, Mary T.	19 Lyons St., Lowell
Rogers, Ruth M.	315 Franklin St., Newton
Rooney, Margaret L.	5 Hollis St., Milford
Scarry, Mary E.	82 Walnut St., Natick
Snell, Lilian M.	20 Morris St., Lynn
Staid, Mary F.	26 Ellsworth Rd., Peabody
Stevens, Mary V.	11 Trenor Dr., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Sweeney, Kathleen M.	Coolidge Ave., Stamford, Conn.
White, Rita C.	71 Cushing St., Cambridge
Sister Catherita	Framingham
Sister Denisia	Framingham

FRESHMEN
R.C. Delaney

Freshman Class Officers

President . . . . . Alice V. LeBossiere

Vice-President . . . . . Agnes P. McDermott

Secretary . . . . . Julia M. Lynch

Treasurer . . . . . Elizabeth M. Teasdale

Freshman Class

Arche, Corita J.	Apartado 88, Matanzas, Cuba
Ash, Dorothea J.	43 School St., Quincy
Behlen, Mary K.	11 Farmer St., Arlington Heights
Browne, Claire J.	22 Warren St., Revere
Buckley, Mary A.	180 Johnson St., North Andover
Burke, Mary M.	4 Standard St., Dorchester
Cahill, Helena K.	164 River St., Mattapan
Callahan, Margaret F.	25 Shornecliffe Rd., Newton
Callahan, Margaret L.	31 Haley Rd., Waban
Callahan, Mary F.	19 Lea St., Lawrence
Callanan, Ethel M.	58 Fenwood Rd., Boston
Carroll, Catherine M.	74 Harris Ave., Lowell
Cassell, Claire A.	857 Beacon St., Boston
Clark, Virginia E.	100 Ridge St., Pawtucket, R. I.
Craig, Margaret E.	22 High St., Natick
Curran, Mary C.	196 Maple St., Bangor, Maine
Curran, Mary R.	67 Willis St., New Bedford
DiPanfilo, Catherine P.	223 President's Lane, Quincy
Doherty, Eileen M.	1366 Washington St., Boston
Donohue, Esther M.	Bartlett, N. H.
Donohue, Mildred A.	259 South St., Lowell
Donovan, Katherine A.	356 Middle Rd., Portsmouth, N. H.
Downing, Mary A.	Exchange St., Millis
Ellis, Frances J.	25 Adams St., Brookline
Fagan, Harriet H.	321 Thorndike St., Lowell
Fay, Mary M.	451 Deering Ave., Portland, Maine
Ferriter, Margaret J.	30 Mansfield St., Allston
Fitzpatrick, Eileen M.	177 Derby St., West Newton
Fitzsimmons, Mary J.	196 Chestnut St., Gardner
Flynn, Eleanor A.	53 Lewis Ave., Walpole
Foy, Mary R.	13 Eliot St., Quincy
Gordon, Ruth A	331 Auburndale Ave., Auburndale
Halloran, Ethel M.	27 Woodward Ave., Quincy
Hanlon, Julie E.	78 Central St., Peabody
Higgins, Catherine R.	18 Gilkey Ct., Watertown
Keefe, Mary R.	22 Lyman St., Waltham
King, Mary E.	53 Central St., West Concord
Lally, Margaret M.	34 Claremont Terr., Swampscott
LeBossiere, Alice V.	580 Broad St., East Weymouth
Liston, Marguerite T.	15 Victoria St., Dorchester
Lynch, Julia M.	91 Nason St., Maynard
Lynch, Mary R.	North St., Greenwich, Conn.
Mainini, Irene C.	127 East Main St., Milford
Maloy, Eleanor P.	147 Lexington St., Waltham
Manley, Rose T.	22 Pelham St., Boston
Marley, Mary C.	13 Columbus Ave., Ashland
McAuliffe, Mary A.	16 Henry St., Hartford, Conn.
McCarthy, Katherine V.	46 Fairfax Rd., Worcester
McDermott, Agnes P.	63 Quincy Ave., Quincy
McDonald, Margaret E.	235 South St., Quincy
McDonald, Roberta C.	40 Lowden Ave., Somerville
McKenna, Katherine R.	11 Strathmore Rd., Brookline
Moran, Grace E.	98 Larch Rd., Cambridge
Murphy, Julia A.	46 Lyman St., Waltham
Murphy, Marjorie A.	177 Newton St., Athol
Murphy, Ruth A.	39 Bradford St., Quincy
Nadeau, Virginia M.	Fort Kent, Maine

O'Brien, Elizabeth M.	86 Walnut Ave., Norwood
O'Grady, Katherine A.	67 Page Rd., Newton
O'Keefe, Ruth M.	178 Lowell St., Peabody
Phelan, Elizabeth P.	51 Algonquin Rd., Newton
Pallotto, Anna L.	Bridge St., Dracut
Powers, Edith M.	6 Porter Terr., West Roxbury
Rayfuse, Florence I.	Washington St., Holliston
Reardon, Helen E.	166 Washington St., Quincy
Ryan, Evelyn A.	28 Montvale St., Roslindale
Shea, Elizabeth B.	44 Chestnut St., Salem
Shield, Katherine M.	35 Fletcher St., Roslindale
Silvia, Louisa C.	258 Ridge St., Fall River
Sullivan, Alice G.	17 Bentley St., Brighton
Sullivan, Bernardine A.	10 Homer St., Brookline
Sullivan, Katherine R.	118 Water St., Eastport, Maine
Sullivan, Pauline F.	39 Washington St., Wellesley Hills
Teasdale, Elizabeth M.	30 Cross St., West Quincy
Thomas, Mary T.	73 Galen St., Watertown
Tondorf, Corinne A.	48 Sawyer Ave., Dorchester
Wessling, Elizabeth A.	11 Boylston St., Jamaica Plain
Sister Hughita	Framingham

Class Poem

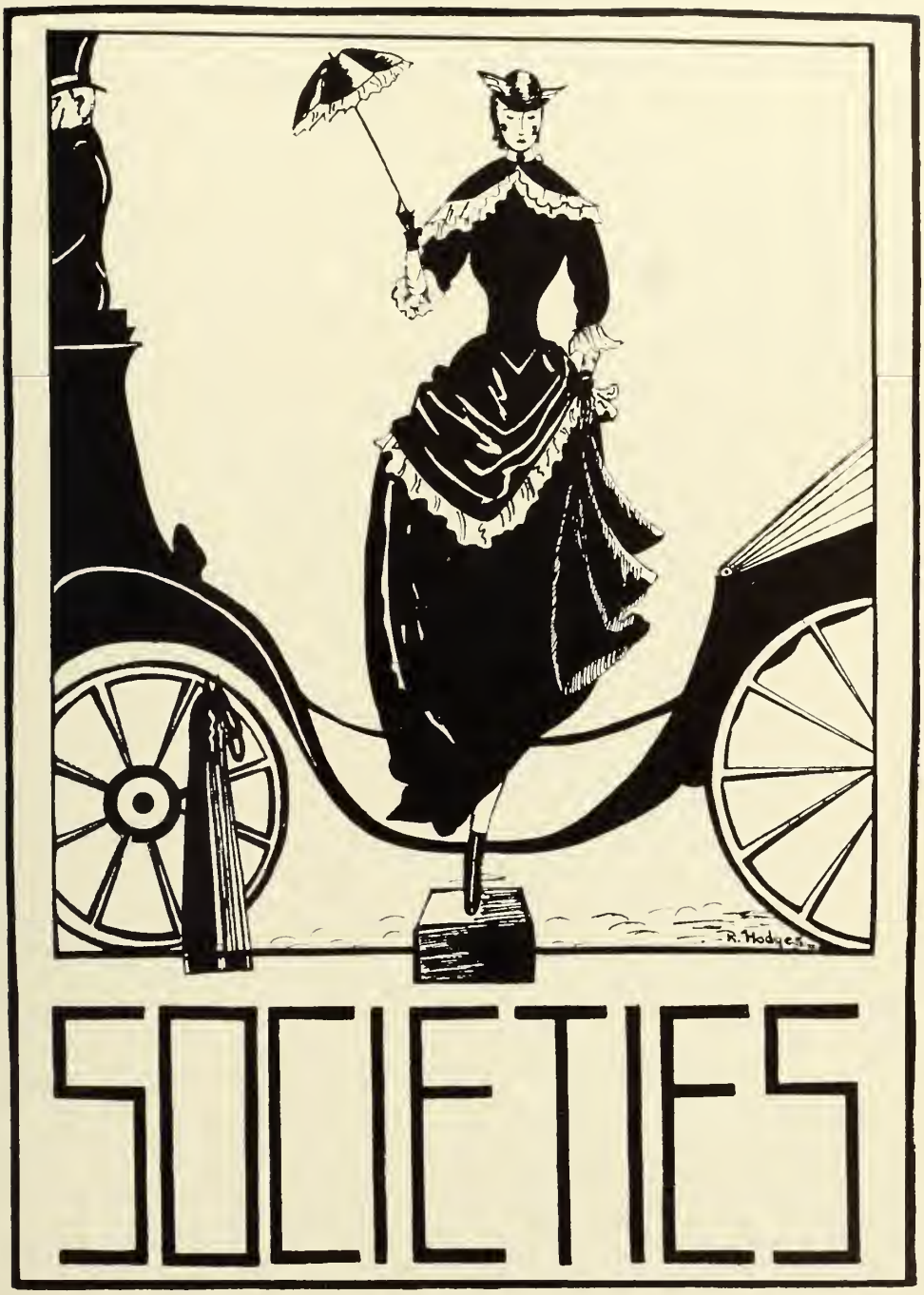
Wide-flung the gates of Regis waiting stand,
And on the breeze gay colored banners wave;
The mists of morning brood upon the land,
But see! the sun now climbs the heavens' nave
And bathes in tender light each shrub and tree;
It floods with golden beauty all the fields,
And as we stand impatient, glances free
Upon effulgent arms and flashing shields.
All gallant knights, the Class of Thirty-two,
Are armed and spurred and mounted for the fray,
We wait beneath these walls for Regis to
Let fall the word that bids us ride away.

The tower keeps us in its sheltering care,
And sadly too we linger in the shade,
Reluctant now to leave the vision fair
Of towered Regis to grow dim and fade.
Upon our shield are blazoned coats-of-arms,
The lofty ideals Castle Regis gave
To keep us fearless through all loud alarms;
The standards that we carry make us brave.
Our lances are the truths which she imparts;
Our gleaming swords, her words of charity.
We sit our prancing steeds with eager hearts,
Our youthful courage high and staunch and free.

We quest into the world to battle there
For all the Truth and Beauty we have learned;
To tilt in jousts, to love and live and dare
For faith, the flame which in our hearts has burned.
The gold and crimson flag unfurled
Flies bravely in the breeze before our eyes;
The green and gold beneath it blown and curled
Leads us to follow, to new heights to rise.
And now the chargers, eager, restless, prance,
The Tower looks its last—strong friend and leal—
The sunlight gleams from lance to shining lance,
Then on the air the horns and bugles peal!

We're off! away! with pennants flying free,
And thundering, sweeping down the drive, we ride,
The brazen trumpets sound triumphantly,
But ere the distance can our Tower hide,
Just at the gates, we rein and stand and turn,
Our hands uplifted in farewell to thee.
Dear Tower! Regis! love for thee will burn
Forever in our hearts; and loyally
Your lofty ideals we will follow far,
Whatever comes through all the years to be
As true as flames the fire of any star
Dear Regis, we'll ride back at last to thee.

CATHERINE R. MCQUEENEY


R. Hodges
SOCIETIES

The Student Spiritual Council

President	Margaret A. Riley
Vice-President	Ruth S. Donohue
Secretary	Rita C. Donohue
Treasurer	Margaret E. Sheridan

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin is, par excellence, our outstanding spiritual organization, the direction of which has been taken over during the past year by the Reverend Otis F. Kelly, Chaplain of the College. On March 12, 1932, the Sodality was aggregated to the Prima Primaria in Rome. Under the inspiration and guidance of Father Kelly, the Sodality meetings are most interesting and instructive. The Question Box is the distinctive feature; it serves to solve our problems and likewise to instruct us in matters of faith and morals. While our Sodality will be renewed in membership annually yet we regret the departure of its faithful Seniors for whom we pray: "Mary, dear Mother, they are about to set their feet upon the threshold of serious life. Virgin most prudent, preserve them from the bitter wind that causes young flowers to wither away, preserve them from sterile tears and from the grief that brings shame with it. Keep them humble and pure, loyal and faithful to the end of their lives. Amen."

Sacred Heart League

President	Marion E. Fuir
Vice-President	Julie D. Saunders
Secretary	Frances J. Ellis
Treasurer	Anna T. Burke

During the past year, this spiritual organization of such vital importance in our college lives, has grown extensively, and now it is a one hundred percent association, including every student in the college. Officers are chosen each year, and the girls earnestly endeavor to prove their devotion to the Sacred Heart, Who has loved all men so tenderly. This year, the Blessed Sacrament has been exposed in our chapel on every First Friday, and receives constantly, during the day, the worship and adoration of some member of the College. The recitation of the Morning Offering sanctifies the actions of each day, and "All for the glory of God through the Sacred Heart of Jesus," is the inspiring slogan by which the girls essay to live their lives. Surely the Divine and loving Heart must be pleased with His society in the College which we love to think of as the "College of the King."

Foreign Mission Society

President	Margaret A. Riley
Vice-President	Dorothy M. Colahan
Secretary	Gertrude A. Grady
Treasurer	Christine M. Curran

Continuing the noble precedent set by its members in the past, the Foreign Mission Society has endeavored during this year, to contribute generously, by various devotions and almsgivings, to the maintenance of Catholic missions, both at home and in foreign countries. Every year in addition to the voluntary offerings of its members, the Society has made contributions through various social activities, including teas and cake sales. On Mission Sunday, the Society sent a generous amount to the Indian Missions in the United States, and it also furnished clothing for the First Communicants of our Negro Missions. During the month of March, Father James Keller, A.F.M. of the American Foreign Missionary Society addressed the faculty and students of Regis College. An offering was given to him in behalf of the Maryknoll envoys in China. May the Little Flower, the patroness of Missions, continue to guide and foster the work of this charitable society!

Student Government

President	Marion E. Fuir
Vice-President	Elizabeth W. Hennessey
Secretary	Mary F. Drury
Treasurer	Ruth G. Bradley
Senior Representative	Frances M. Bergin
Junior Representative	Christine M. Zubaitis
Sophomore Representative	Eleanor C. Daly
Freshman Representatives	Esther M. Donohue Roberta C. McDonald

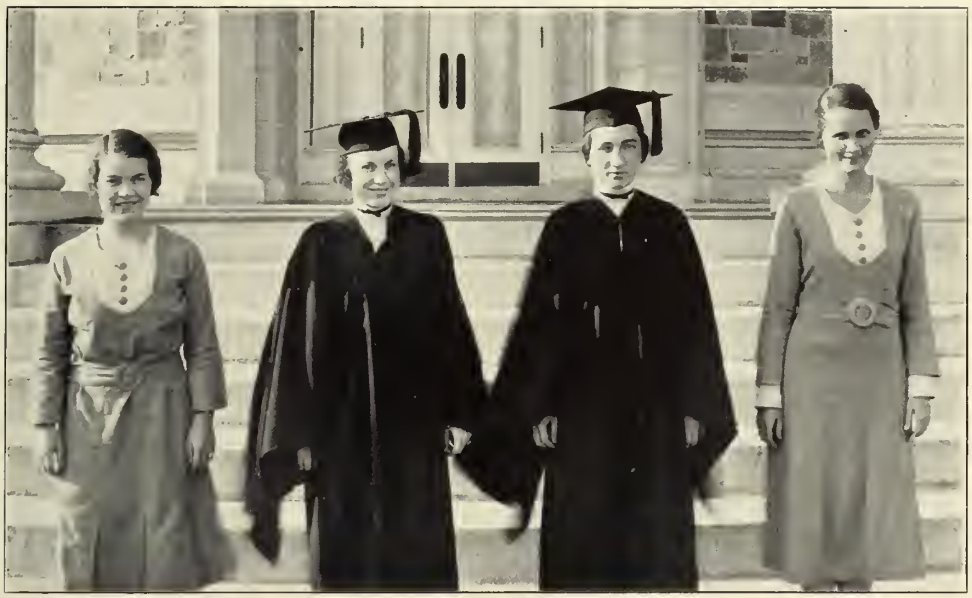
To promote a spirit of loyal coöperation between the Faculty and the students of Regis College, to foster a spirit of responsibility to authority, to develop Catholic ideals and nobility of character, these are a few of the aims of the Regis College Student Coöperative Association. This organization aids in the enforcement of college regulations and communicates the wishes of the Faculty to the students who respect and honor the decisions of this group, selected from among their own ranks by themselves. This year, as in the past, the Association has assisted the Faculty in inculcating the guiding spirit of Regis College, and has maintained generous coöperative relations between the Faculty and student body.

Sigma Tau Phi

President . . . . . Catherine R. McQueeney
Vice-President . . . . . Loretta R. Andrews
Secretary . . . . . Ann J. Paone
Treasurer . . . . . Doris M. White

The Sigma Tau Phi, in an active and happy year, has well realized its objectives of enjoying the heritage of classic Greece and Rome, and of keeping abreast of modern scholarly activity. Enthusiastic social gatherings, talks and discussions, successful dramatic presentations, all mark its calendar of retrospect. During the present year, Homer claimed the greater part of its attention. Patient Penelope and god-like Odysseus were themselves permitted to answer the charges of Stephen Leacock. The presentation of classic drama by the Sigma Tau Phi found an audience ready to laugh at the escapades of Plautus' Menaechmi twins and to grieve over the sorrows of Euripides' Alcestis.

Le Cénacle Littéraire



President	Marie V. Taylor
Vice-President	Florence M. Gallagher
Secretary	Loretta R. Andrews
Treasurer	Christine M. Zubaitis

"Le Cénacle Littéraire" continues to manifest the interest of previous years in French letters. Its members have witnessed successful dramatizations, including "La Rose sur la Croix," "Vendredi le 13!" and "Par Ce Signe". The Seniors opened new vistas in their excellent "esquisse" of the "moderns" in poetry and prose with special emphasis on the French women writers of today, notably Henriette Charasson, the poet of mother love, and Marie Noël, "qui chante la beauté invisible de la tâche quotidienne." A new and interesting feature of the club is the correspondence which the members carry on with College students in Le Puy, France. It is hoped that this interchange will have fruitful results for the club as well as for our friends "d'outre-mer." This year, "Le Cénacle Littéraire" is establishing a precedent in donating a generous collection of the works of modern French authors to the library.

Spanish Club

President . . . . . Madeline G. Murphy
Vice-President . . . . . Josephine M. Mahoney
Secretary . . . . . Christine M. Zubaitis
Treasurer . . . . . Mary N. Condon

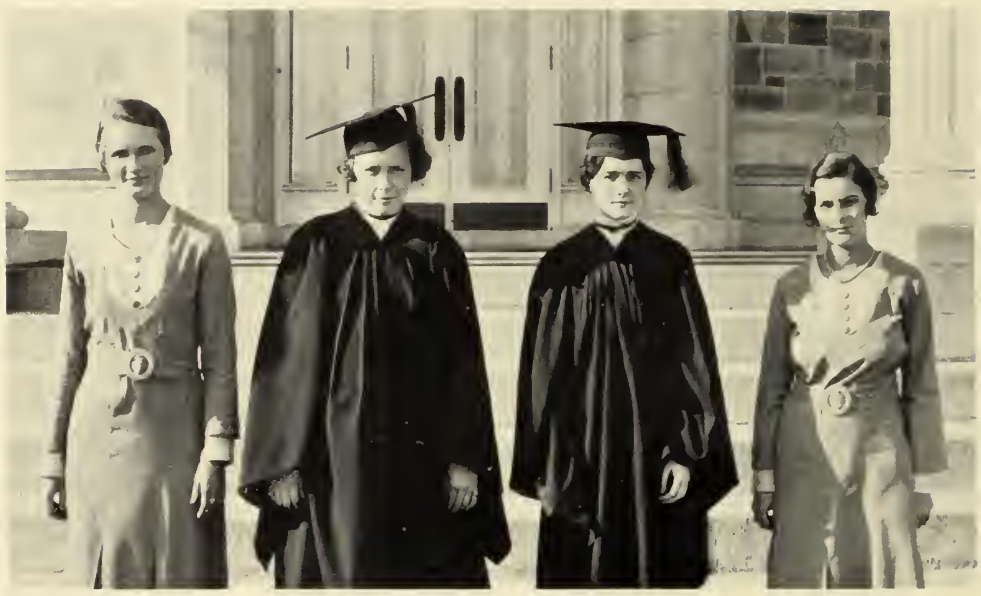
To bring together all students who are interested in Spanish literature and to help them become acquainted with the customs of the people of Spain and of Spanish America, the Spanish Club was founded and has become one of the most active organizations of Regis College. At each monthly meeting, the beauty of the language, and the romance of the life of Spain, as shown in her literature, have opened before our enchanted eyes. During the past year, the club has presented several comedies and other worth-while productions which proved most interesting, entertaining, and informative. In these plays, the girls not only displayed excellent dramatic ability but also a remarkable familiarity with the Spanish language. Through our frequent meetings, we have come into the possession of an exquisite, permanent delight in the beauties of the Spanish tongue.

Der Deutsche Verein

President	Catherine H. Trafton
Vice-President	Margaret A. Riley
Secretary	Kathleen M. Sweeney
Treasurer	Gertrude A. Grady

"Der Deutsche Verein" is a society which aims to study the literature of Germany in its various phases and to inculcate in its members a deep appreciation and thorough understanding of this literature. Throughout the year the members assembled for monthly meetings at Peak Hall, where the evolution of German poetry and other equally interesting topics were profitably discussed. Inasmuch as this year is the centenary of Goethe's death, many hours were devoted to the study of his life and works. As a result, on March 22, 1932, the club presented a short program which served to pay proper tribute to the great German poet. The event of the year, however, was the presentation of "Als Verlobte Empfehlen Sich" by Ernst Wickert, a short but very sparkling comedy, which delighted its audience and secured the high reputation of "Der Deutsche Verein."

Ivory Gate



President	Gertrude M. Horgan
Vice-President	Catherine R. McQueeney
Secretary	Christine M. Zubaitis
Treasurer	Mae M. Yates

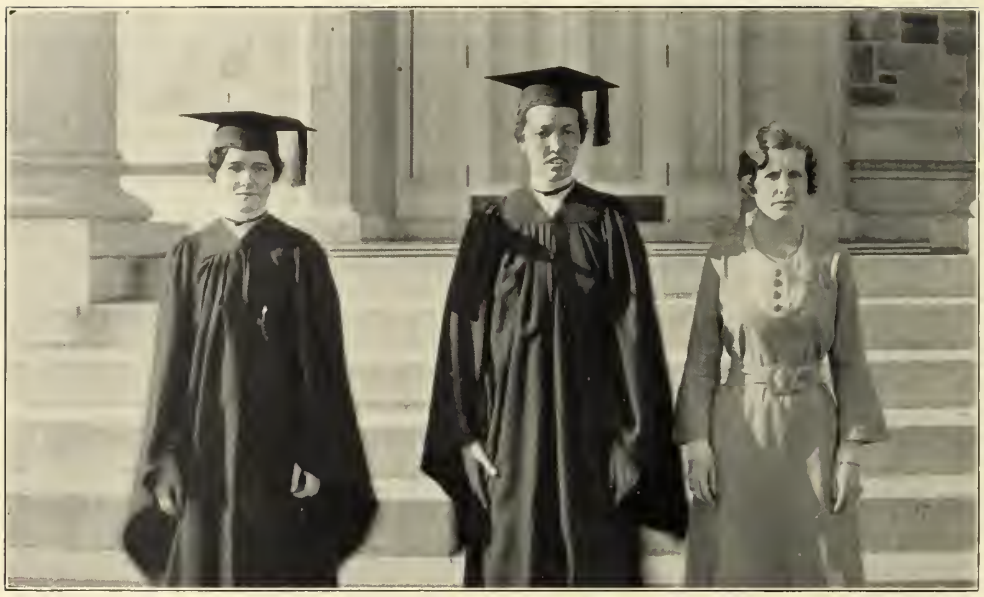
The widespread interest of the students of Regis College in the development of English literature resulted in the formation of the Ivory Gate Club, under the direction of the moderator, Miss MacGill. The club aims to foster an interest in the creative departments of English. Recognizing the growing need for constructive criticism of talented students, the Ivory Gate offers its members the opportunity of writing and criticizing. The name of the club is taken from the reference, in Homer's "Iliad," to the gate through which dreams come, and give inspiration to the writer. Membership is limited, and admission of new members comes through nomination and election by members of the club. The Ivory Gate looks forward to the development of highly intelligent Catholic writers, through its provision of inspiration and assistance to its members.

Reading Club

President	Kathleen B. Landrey
Vice-President	Margaret M. Bartley
Recording Secretary	Margaret M. Yates
Corresponding Secretary	Leonora A. Michaud
Treasurer	Claire E. McNamara

The Reading Club aims to foster in its members a love of the best in literature, a judgment and skill in selecting good books that satisfy recreational, informational and inspirational needs, that, through intellectual and ethical qualities lead to higher thinking and better living. By means of monthly reviews, criticizing and discussing books chosen for interesting subject matter, wholesome tone, distinctive style and truthfulness, students develop power to realize values of intellectual and spiritual beauty and truth, of lofty ideals of character and conduct. Through cultivation of what Stevenson calls "the gift of reading" this society encourages the students to acquire the library habit, to learn to open for themselves doors to newer and broader horizons that they may find the "open sesame" to the richest embodiment of life in literature.

Dramatic Club



President . . . . . Catherine R. McQueeney
Vice-President . . . . . Dorothy M. Colahan
Secretary . . . . . Margaret E. Sheridan

The Dramatic Club of Regis College was founded for the purpose of promoting and instilling dramatic appreciation, and also of developing latent talent in its members. Its activities since its foundation have been under the able and skillful guidance of Miss Mary Frances Rooney, our esteemed director. Membership to the club is limited to Juniors and Seniors who are interested in the art of expression. This year's productions have included two Christmas plays, "Down Fido" and "The Shepherd Who Stayed Behind." The first, an amusing comedy, was proof of the girls' ability to produce a gay and mirthful farce. "The Shepherd Who Stayed Behind" was a religious presentation and gave its participants a splendid opportunity for character interpretation. The remainder of the year was spent in preparation for our last and greatest production—the colorful Washingtonian pageant presented in commemoration of the bicentennial celebration.

Glee Club

President . . . . . Elizabeth W. Hennessey
Vice-President . . . . . Margaret M. Yates
Secretary . . . . . Florence M. Gallagher
Treasurer . . . . . Frances H. McAuliffe
Director . . . . . Eileen J. Rogers

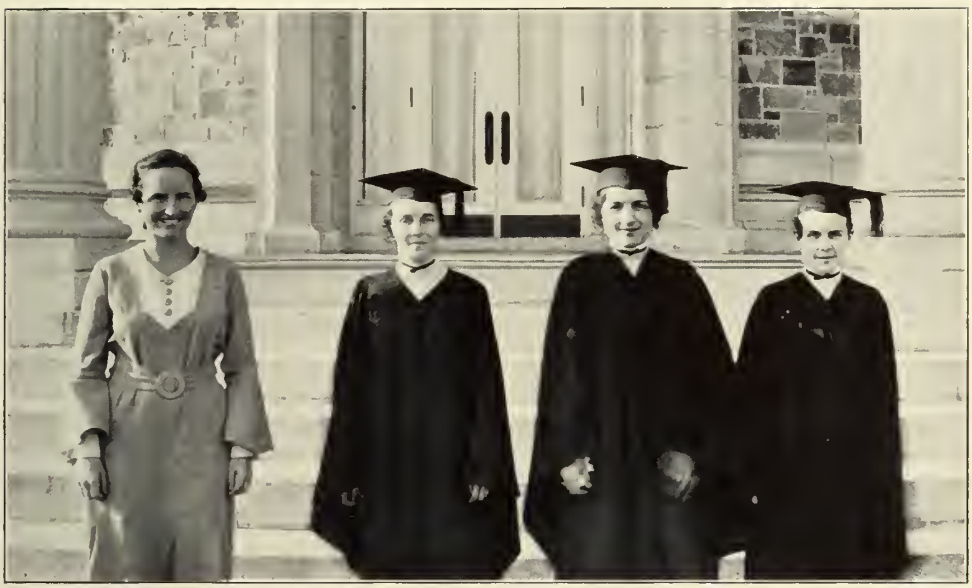
The Glee Club, a steadily growing unit of the college, has for its object a deeper appreciation and love of fine music. The club, with a considerable representation from each class, holds weekly meetings. Its activities are many and varied, ranging from minstrel shows to concerts, as the occasion demands. During the present year, the club has given two splendid presentations. One, in honor of St. Patrick, was a charming program of Irish songs and folklore. This was followed almost immediately by a sacred concert, consisting of well-chosen vocal and piano selections. From a small, promising group, the Glee Club in a few short years has become a well-established organization, and it is our sincere hope that this society will meet with increasing success in every year.

Louis Pasteur Club

President	Dorothy M. Colahan
Vice-President	Katharine A. Hogg
Secretary	Ruth G. Bradley
Treasurer	Edna F. Dunn

Science today touches every angle of our common life so intimately that the problem of combining scientific education with a proper appreciation of the finer principles of life becomes most important. The aim of the "Louis Pasteur Club" is to blend carefully the systematized information of science, and to arouse further interest in the field. Only science students are eligible for membership. Papers are presented for the consideration of the club at monthly meetings, and men prominent in chemical fields often address the members. To vary the program, motion pictures of scientific interest are presented occasionally, and the Faculty and student body are often entertained with a science evening, in which the magic of the alchemist is at its best. It is our hope that the "Louis Pasteur Club" will grow steadily year by year and continue to prosper under capable leadership and coöperation.

Home Economics Club

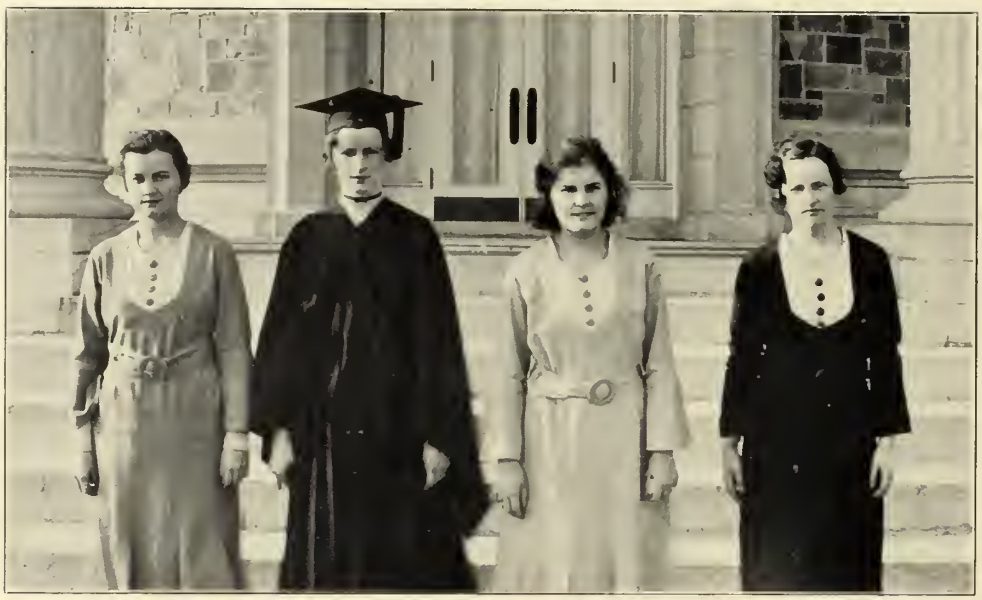


President	Josephine M. Angelo
Vice-President	Ruth S. Donohue
Secretary	Dorothy C. Dunn
Treasurer	Rita C. Donohue

The Regis Home Economics Club has been formed and fostered by its members to carry on the ideals of the National Home Economics Association and its affiliated branches. It endeavors to promote professional interest for the development of the individual. Delegates from the club attend all meetings of the Massachusetts and New England Home Economics Association held during the year. Two delegates attend the annual meeting of the National Home Economics Association when possible. This meeting was held last year at Detroit, Michigan. The club functions very actively, catering for college socials, teas, bridges, and social meets. Rose sales add much delightful charm to the friendly spirit of the club. An annual Fashion Show is fostered by the members, whose wide-awake and enthusiastic spirit makes the Home Economics Club one of the outstanding college activities.

"And since the Robins ask no praise or pay
For all their song of cheer,
We too in humbleness rejoice
To do our bit of service here."

Secretarial Club



President	Ruth E. Burke
Vice-President	Eileen J. Rogers
Secretary	Mary F. Drury
Treasurer	Marguerite T. Liston

This organization was formed in 1931 by the students of the Secretarial Department of Regis College. The members are earnestly developing an appreciation of the dignity of the Catholic College graduate in the business field, and needless to say, they keep themselves alertly well-informed on the current activities of modern business. A most interesting and educational program, including addresses to the secretarial students by various well-known business men and women, has been carried out during this year. Its future success is assured if, in coming years, its members manifest the keen interest and earnest coöperation shown by the charter members of 1932.

Ethelon Club

President	Yolande V. Arcand
Vice-President	Mary C. Donnelly
Secretary	Clare M. Conley
Treasurer	Una M. Bowen
Junior Representatives	Julie D. Saunders Dorothea M. Fennell

The Ethelon Club, an outgrowth of the Sociology classes, represents the endeavors of its members to make their work practical. By a novel system of elections the President and Treasurer are always selected from the Senior Class and serve one year after Commencement. Thus the plans of the previous year are carried out with the coöperation of the Alumnae. Among the charitable undertakings of this embryonic Catholic Action movement is the annual delivery of many Christmas dinners to the poor. Throughout the year, the members have succeeded in rendering substantial aid by means of their Saturday morning classes. Several benefit concerts, teas, and penny-sales have been given by the Club and have been warmly supported by the College. It is the hope of these pioneer members to instill into the Club the great spirit of their saintly leader, Vincent de Paul. If they can but sow the seed and leave the fruit to the future, a noble work has been accomplished.

Fire Squad

Marion E. Fuir
Elizabeth W. Hennessey
Frances Keefe

Ruth A. Sullivan
Katherine A. Hogg
Esther T. Donohue

Christine M. Curran

The clang of a fire gong shatters the stillness of the quiet night. Reluctantly the captains of the fire squad rouse themselves from slumber and begin to marshal their scattered wits preparatory to rousing the lieutenants. But for many minutes, said lieutenants slumber on peacefully, undisturbed by proddings from exasperated captains. When slumber's chains are finally severed, the lieutenant must rouse her squad, and round up the members in the corridor. Truly, these wrapper-clad college girls, rubbing sleepy eyes, are a laughable assemblage. Some have their hair in curlers, others brave the laughter of their companions, beauty preparations still adorning their injured countenances. All are yawning sleepily as they stumble along in the drill. Despite these varied and often humorous experiences, the students realize that fire drills are important and necessary, and they enter upon them with a spirit truly commendable in the zero hours of a cold and wintry dawn.

Athletic Association

President	Julie D. Saunders
Vice-President	Christine M. Zubaitis
Secretary	Corita J. Arche
Treasurer	Edna F. Dunn

The clubs which constitute the Association are eight:

Club	*President*	*Secretary*
Archery	Julie Saunders	Frances Ellis
Basketball	Loretta Andrews	Corita Arche
Field Hockey	Gertrude Horgan	Alice McNamara
Golf	Mildred Gallagher	Claire Lynch
Riding	Julie Saunders	Veronica Feeney
Swimming	Corita Arche	Doris White
Tennis	Doris White	Christine Zubaitis
Track	Veronica Feeney	Alice McNamara

The advisory board of the Association consists of the presidents and secretaries of the several clubs. The Association supervises all sport activities at the college. The indoor season of 1931-1932 was marked by keen intramural competition, particularly in basketball, badminton, and swimming. The interests of the outdoor season center about tennis, hockey, riding, archery, track, and baseball. Awards for ability in basketball, riding, and swimming are granted on Sports' Day in Commencement Week.

Mount Regis Staff

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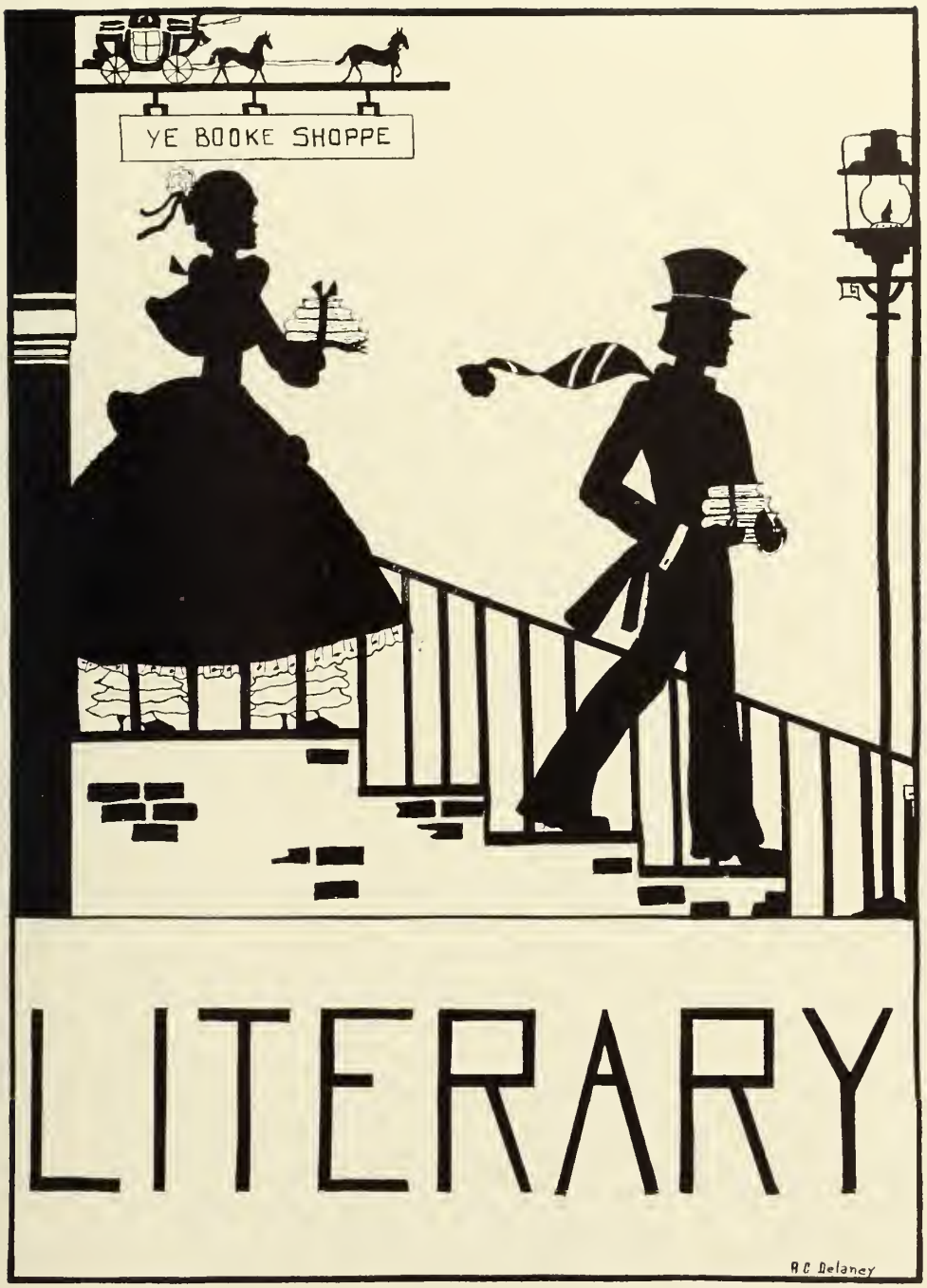
YE BOOKE SHOPPE
LITERARY
A C Delaney

Class Hymn

Before Thy radiant Altar-Throne, we stand O Lord today;
Within these walls You've been to us the Life, the Truth, the Way.
You've led us here apart, O Christ, and taught us, as of old
You taught Your humble followers the truths their lives should hold.
All praise to Thee, all thanks to Thee, dear loving Lord and Friend!
We beg Thy grace and blessing as our days at Regis end.
The rose-flushed dawn is stealing up—an eager new-born day,
O gentle Master, show us still the Life, the Truth, the Way.

The sunlight splashes motes of gold, the shadows lift and rise,
Beyond the purple, voiceless hills, the life that calls us lies.
We step upon the path. O may Thy footsteps echo near,
Amid the shouts of worldly men, Thy sweet voice may we hear;
And when the clouds roll menacing, and darkness speeds apace,
Still bright amid the shadows may we see Thy loving Face.
May every grief and every joy be pierced by Thy love's ray –
Be Thou our Guide, sweet Savior, be our Life, our Truth, our Way.

As now we sing Thy praises Lord –"all glory unto Thee!"
May angel lips the echoes lift and chant them joyously.
Behold we stand before Thee now, we beg of Thee to send
Us forth into the world of sin to live for Thee, dear Friend.
For us, O Christ, You suffered deep, and torn with anguish died;
Lead us through life to stand at least close to Thy broken side;
Bring this our class, O God, our King, to still a brighter day
Where Thou wilt be eternally, the Life, the Truth, the Way.

Catherine R. McQueeney

Catholic Women in the Field of Catholic Action

The phrase "Catholic action" has received much publicity in recent years, and is considered by many people to be a new expression coined during the pontificate of the present Pope. However, such an opinion indicates only a vague conception of the meaning and history of the term. It is true that Pope Pius XI is greatly interested in Catholic action, and has, in fact, been termed "the Pope of Catholic action," but the term itself has a long and noble history, from the time of Christ to the present day. In every century, there have been dauntless souls who endeavored to carry out the principles of Catholic action under the most difficult circumstances.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, has given a very clear definition of the meaning of the term, "Catholic action." "The pursuit of personal Christian perfection," he states, "is the first but not the sole objective of Catholic action. This initial step implies a knowledge of our faith, a deep personal love of Christ and His Church, and a zeal and determination to think and live all phases of our lives as Catholics. More than that, it means a true apostolate, in which Catholics of every social class participate." By "apostolate" is meant the conversion of the world to the faith of Christ and to the practice of all of Christ's teaching, in religious and devotional life, family life, civic life, intellectual life, economic life, social life, recreation, in fact, every phase of life. It means also applying the Christian principles which animate private life to the life of the world, in order that all society and all social institutions shall measure up to the model of Christ.

Catholic action should have as its ultimate end, to use the language of the Holy Father, "the union of all the faithful of all nations in the religious and moral order, and, as its supreme end, the diffusion, the defense and the practice of Christian faith and doctrine in the individual, the family and civil life." Catholic action, recognizing always the brotherhood of man, will defend the solidarity of mankind, the dignity of man and the family, and abhor as most inimical to its mission, the absolutism of the State.

It is true that, at first view, it seems well-nigh impossible to meet and adequately fulfill, the demands of Catholic action. Yet, it is possible. Women have always played an important part in all fields of Catholic action, and the splendid way in which they have done so has called forth words of praise and commendation from the lips of persons vitally opposed to them in matters of faith. Students of Catholic colleges are potential leaders of the movement for Catholic action in this country. They have a glorious heritage to perpetuate courageously or to fling to other outstretched, eager hands. From the account of their lives it may be seen that Catholic women through the ages have welcomed courageously any opportunity to risk all for the faith.

Before the advent of Christ, women occupied a degraded position in the home. They were regarded as the chattels of their lord and master, to be treated as he deemed fit. But, when Christ came on earth, bringing with Him the glory of heavenly things, He raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament and lifted womankind to the position of man's helpmate. From that time, the elevation of woman began.

What more chaste model has the Church ever given to the world, from among all women, than the Blessed Mother? Surely she typifies the highest pinnacle to which Catholic woman may attain in the field of Catholic action. One of the apostles wrote, "when the fulness of time was come, God sent His Son, made of a woman, . . . to redeem us." What marvels of God's Providence are comprised in that inspired expression, "made of a woman!" It tells of Mary's matchless privilege in giving to the world the Son of God, in His human nature. But it tells far more. It indicates the part woman is to have in dispensing the fruits of the Redemption. Mary, in truth, devoted her whole life to God. She sought constantly to attain the ideal state of personal Christian perfection. With the vision of heaven itself, she saw that all life's tribulations, even to the sacrifice of Calvary, were but "the shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly." God well-nigh exhausted His spiritual treasures on this unique and peerless figure, the Blessed Mother of the human race. She typifies the glory of Christian motherhood, she, who carried in her arms the Saviour of the world, and felt the throbbings of His Sacred Heart was Mother of the Son of God, and, in reality, gave to mankind the Redeemer of the world. From her Immaculate Heart was taken the precious Blood that washed away the sins of the human race at Mount Calvary.

Think of the anguish which was hers that night when she saw her Divine Son, on the cross of Calvary, nailed to a gibbet as a thief might be. Her heart was pierced by a sword of sorrow, yet she endured the bitter suffering because she knew that in such wise the race of men would be saved. Small wonder that the Old Testament styles our Blessed Mother, "the joy of Israel," "the glory of Jerusalem," "the honor of our people," "the enclosed garden," "all fair," and "the perfect one." She is indeed the Queen of all the Saints and eminently worthy of emulation. She is the first and the supreme model for Catholic women who nobly act for God and the Church.

At Calvary, Catholic womanhood was well represented. There Saint Veronica wiped the face of Jesus as He carried His Cross on the weary way to Calvary. When she tenderly tried to ease the agony and pain of the Man-God, His smile of gratitude rewarded her a thousand-fold. The Bethany sisters, Martha and Mary, who accompanied the mother of Christ to the hill of anguish were widely different in physical and mental characteristics, yet they found a common ground in their devotion to Christ. Mary, known now to the entire Catholic world as Mary Magdalene, is, next to Mary Immaculate, the most prominent female character in the New Testament. Redeemed from the very depths of sin by the pitying love of Christ, she became His most devoted follower. She was our Blessed Lady's constant companion, and was beside her at the cross, when Mary's heart was well-nigh breaking. Mary Magdalene was the last at the cross, the last to leave the tomb, the first to visit it on the Resurrection morning, and

the first to carry the news that Christ had risen. She was at the Blessed Mother's side when the lifeless, bloodstained Body of Christ was taken down from the Cross. She helped to place it in a winding sheet and lower it into this human burying ground. Mary Magdalene typifies the glory of Christian womanhood, noble and enduring in the midst of sorrow.

In the annals of the early Church are recorded in letters of gold the names of fearless women saints whose gift to the world was their unswerving loyalty and fortitude in the face of death. Viva Perpetua, Saint Martha, Domnia and Lucy are names with which to conjure in the field of Catholic action. It was during the reign of Hadrian, a Roman Emperor, that the first Christian woman suffered martyrdom. Doubtless there were other noble defenders of the faith in the earlier days, but we have no record of any names until the time of Saint Sabina, martyred in the year 126. Sabina was a high-bred Roman lady who was converted to the Christian faith through one of her slaves. She suffered herself to be beaten to death with clubs, welcoming such martrydom for the faith of her new-found Christ. The annals of that time are replete with the names of Christian women who laid down their lives rather than deny the faith of that Christ Who had suffered death on the infamous tree of Calvary for them. Women saints inspired men to remain true to their holy faith. Thus, Saint Martha, put the crown of martyrdom on her husband's brow as well as on her own, when she exhorted him to remain constant in his allegiance to the Divine Master. Perhaps the greatest Saint under the persecutions of the Roman Emperors was Saint Anastasia, the noble Roman matron who gave all she had to the Christians in prison, and was rewarded for her charity with the crown of martyrdom. She has been considered worthy of a special remembrance in the Canon of the Mass.

During the ages when faith was unmolested, the women of royal birth lived a life that was patterned after that of the cloister. It is generally considered, perhaps, that sanctity and nobility of birth do not go together, but holiness is possible everywhere, as the lives of so many high-born women prove. They had all that this world could give of wealth and honor, yet they preserved unspoiled their sanctity of soul and simplicity of mind. The life of Flavia Domitilla was a living model of devotion to the Church of Christ. She was of the highest station, a member of the imperial family of Rome. Married in her youth to a nephew of Vespasian, she looked forward to the day when her two sons would succeed to the Emperor's throne. But to her children she gave a greater honor than the position as possible heirs of the royal purple: she made them members of the Church. Her husband, converted to the Christian faith she loved, was put to death because he remained true to his belief. Later, Flavia herself was banished to the island of Pandataria, because she continued to practice her faith. Her property at Rome was used by the Christians as a place of burial and was called the Cemetery of Domitilla.

Saint Monica, the mother of Saint Augustine, is a well-known, well-loved saint of the early Church. The son became a saint, because his mother was a saint, for the child of such prayers could never be lost. Saint Monica abased herself in every con-

ceivable way in order to convert her husband, Patricius, and to win her son from his dissolute ways. In a word, she lived chiefly for her God, and, imitating as she did, the example of the saints, it is no wonder that her prayers were effective. Her wonderful example of perseverance in holiness is worthy of emulation by all Christians. Her mother-love, sanctified by penance and prayer, fortified her to brave all dangers. She is one of the most human characters in history—the tender mother who knew that the greatest glory that she could obtain for her son was that of his conversion to God's love.

The Church roll of sainthood resounds with many illustrious names, among which not the least are the names of queens, who, reigning on regal thrones, lived the life of the cloister. Some of the greatest among these were Saint Helena, mother of Constantine the Great; Saint Theodora, Saint Clotilda, Queen of Kent; Blessed Agnes of Bohemia, Saint Cuthburge, Saint Dyneburge, Saint Bathilde, Queen of France; Saint Matilda, Queen of Germany; and Saint Elizabeth of Portugal.

Saint Elizabeth of Hungary is one of the greatest saints in the Church. Daughter of a king, a duchess possessing all the world holds dear, a mother, tenderly loving her husband and children, she was, nevertheless, anxious to sacrifice everything in the service of God. With infinite wisdom, this heroine of charity, this saint of God, realized that the only thing that matters in life is to love God, and this she did, with every fibre of her being. Her charity, her love for the poor, her piety, her love of Christ, earned for her the title of "dear Saint Elizabeth."

The Catholic Church is indeed blessed in its roll of illustrious women who transmuted the principles of Catholic action into their life work. Saint Scholastica, who founded the Benedictine nunneries, is an example of the work which Catholic women have performed through the ages. In Spain the great Saint Teresa founded the discalced Carmelites, and brought peace and piety to many women. It has often been suggested that the title, "greatest of intellectual women," be given to Saint Teresa. Such a title may seem exaggerated to some, but it is surely justified by the position which Saint Teresa has occupied in the world of thought since her day. More books have been written about her than about any other woman who ever lived except the Mother of Christ. At all times since her death, her works have been issued and reissued. The French and the Germans declare that she is the queen of mystical theology, and the Spaniards call her their Doctor of the Church. She was the principal factor in keeping out of Spain the tide of "reform" which caused so much disturbance in other countries. To this great woman the Church has given the title "Mater spiritualium," to signify the great devotion in which she is held throughout the world.

Saint Brigid founded many schools in Kildare, with the coöperation and patronage of Saint Patrick. In the glorious isle of saints and scholars, feminine education and development of mind and heart were being carried on in connection with Brigid's foundation. Saint Hilda, abbess of Whitby in England, was one of the wonderful women developed under the monastic system of the Church. The world owes to this woman's intuitive critical faculty the first great contribution to English Literature, for

it was she who offered Caedmon, the great English poet, opportunity to read and write.

The name of Saint Clare is closely associated with that of Saint Francis, the little poor man. She was only seventeen years of age when she left home in order to follow the holy man of Assisi. Those who best know her life, declare that she is quite as responsible as Saint Francis for the revival of religious feeling that came in the thirteenth century. Outliving him by many years, she did much to preserve the spirit and the purpose of the founder of the Franciscans. Since the foundation of the Poor Clares, second order of Saint Francis, thousands of her daughters have found happiness and peace in the religious life.

The fourteenth century saw the career of that wonderful model of piety, Saint Catherine of Sienna. At the age of twelve, she obtained permission to work in a hospital caring for the suffering poor. She became the most important woman and probably the most important personage in the Europe of her day. Through her influence, the Pope was brought back to Rome from Avignon, where the years of the Babylonian captivity threatened to make the Church national in character. Saint Catherine's organization of friendly visiting for the ailing poor, her care for the most loathsome diseases, give us some idea of the manner in which she carried the principles of Catholic action into her daily life, so that the world will never willingly forget her.

One of the greatest female exponents of the faith in medieval times was Isabella of Castile. She must be acknowledged as one of the greatest rulers who ever lived, and the greatest of women monarchs. She lived only for others, and was always ready to sacrifice herself in the performance of her duty. Isabella's firm rule ushered in the great period, which has been known as Spain's Golden Century. The Church was the very breath of life for her, and without its soothing influence, Isabella stated that her existence would have been an empty one. One of her many achievements was the destruction of the Moslem power in Granada. Ultimately, she succeeded in replacing the crescent by the cross. From the depths of her soul there shone forth a holy piety which, with heavenly radiance, illuminated her whole character.

The saintly Joan of Arc is a familiar figure in the history of the Church. She is one of the countless women who have so courageously determined to think and live a truly Christian life. Her story is well known, and the fact that she led a small French army to victory against the English at Orleans, and shared in the triumphant coronation of Charles at Rheims, seems like a page from fiction. The spotless "Maid of Orleans" was distinguished for her purity, her innocence, and her modesty. She was a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king, but she died peacefully, happy because she had fulfilled her divinely appointed mission.

One of the greatest agencies for the spreading of the Catholic faith and the accomplishment of good has always been the sisterhood. In the religious congregations, fostered and developed by the Church, women give their lives to serve Christ and to care for suffering humanity. The names of "sister" and "mother" accorded to these members of religious congregations are the indexes of the love and reverence humanity

entertains for them. They are living, growing institutions, receiving every year thousands of young women in a life that gives satisfaction and happiness in giving and doing all for God.

The close of the Middle Ages represented the starting, rather than the closing point, of the foundations of religious congregations for women. The first of these congregations was the Ursulines, founded in the sixteenth century by Angela Merici in Italy. What the Jesuits did for the education of young men during the next two centuries, the Ursulines did for young girls. It might be expected that such an institution would spread very slowly, and that young women would not be at all anxious to take up a life of this kind. But by the end of the sixteenth century, this order had communities in all the Catholic countries in Europe. Mother Incarnation, of the Ursuline order, came to Quebec in the seventeenth century and is one of the most wonderful women in the early history of the continent. She has often been spoken of as "the Mother of Canada." The institution is still actively alive and doing work in every part of the world.

Just as Angela Merici founded the Ursulines in Italy, Jeanne Fontbonne reestablished in France the Sisters of Saint Joseph, who had been founded in Le Puy in 1650 and dispersed by the French Revolutionists. Mother Saint John Fontbonne, the daughter of simple French people, wanted to devote herself to teaching young women and caring for the needy. It was not long before others expressed the desire to join her, and so there came about the remarkable growth of the order of the Sisters of Saint Joseph. This Congregation has houses now in many parts of the world. In America, there are over ten thousand Sisters of Saint Joseph in charge of colleges, academies schools, and hospitals. In home and foreign missions, twenty-five thousand of these devoted women are scattered throughout the world doing apostolic self-sacrificing work. The history of the Sisters of Saint Joseph is written in the blood of many martyrs who calmly mounted the steps of the guillotine to their death, courageously laying down their lives for the Master Who died for them.

Whenever there has arisen a corporal or spiritual need in the Church, God has raised up valiant religious women to perform works of mercy. Even during the past century, holy souls have been inspired to found religious congregations, each with a particular work to do in His garden of souls. Was this not evident in the case of Mother Elizabeth Seton, who founded in America the Sisters of Charity? Widowed, and a convert to Catholicism, Mother Seton relied with childlike confidence on the Providence which never failed her in a struggle against obstacles that would have daunted a less courageous or trusting soul. During the century of its existence, her spiritual family has increased and multiplied in the United States and Canada, responding readily to any plea from suffering humanity. Indeed the Sisters of Charity were the first in this country to open hospitals for those in the advanced stages of tuberculosis. Who can estimate the tremendous good accomplished by other communities, each with its own glorious record,—the Ursulines, the Sisters of the Visitation, the Sisters of Charity of Saint Vincent de Paul, the Sisters of Saint Joseph, the Sisters of the

Presentation, the Madames of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of Mercy, the Sisters of Notre Dame, the Carmelites, the Little Sisters of the Poor, and many others?

As God has ever drawn his saints from all stations of life, so His Church has found loyal assistance and loving support in the ranks of noble Catholic laity, men and women who have banded together for united Catholic action in associations such as the National Catholic Welfare Council, approved by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. This organization has spread its influence far and wide through the parishes where Catholic women are active participants in the movements. For invariably we find that wives and mothers are the enthusiastic organizers of parish societies, the apostles in the campaign for the spread of Catholic action. Motherhood is the same glorious calling today that it was twenty centuries ago. The modern Catholic mother has the traditions of past ages to perpetuate for posterity, and she contributes to the world-wide, age-old movement by giving her children and the children of others, societies and organizations for their development and progress within their own parishes, in the glorious field of Catholic action.

Moreover, Catholic mothers of today are setting noteworthy examples for their daughters to imitate. Women of wealth and position, like Mrs. Farrell of Albany, are employing God-given gifts for the glory of the Holy Church in building Chapels and endowing schools. Today, more than ever before, the Church needs new schools in which to educate her youth. She extends her arms imploringly, calling for aid in her mission to mankind, and Catholic mothers willingly sacrifice time and money to perpetuate the educational institutions of our faith. These mothers realize the great part which religion plays in daily life. Loving their own children, they cannot bear to have the children of others attend non-sectarian schools, and to receive a godless education, simply because there is a lack of proper educational facilities in the Church.

In this age of the double standard and lax moral laws, it is uplifting to realize that Catholic motherhood is ever striving to reach the ideals set by that most blessed of all mothers, our Lady, "of purest ray serene." Catholic mothers today are endeavoring to keep their children in the paths of truth and virtue, and they are doing this in a manner which deserves the highest praise. If the daughters of these inspiring mothers will only hold their ideals high and strive to reach the heights on which they stand, they, too, will be leaders in Catholic action. Those mothers will feel amply repaid for the countless sacrifices they have made. If, by the grace of God, we, as graduates of a Catholic college, are favored to carry on the work of Catholic motherhood, we trust that our eyes may ever be fixed on the heights, our ears attuned to the pleas of humanity, and our souls filled with the knowledge that the true glory of womanhood is first of all to build up in the hearts of children the kingdom of God.

The younger generation has already accomplished much in the line of Catholic action. It has accepted the torch flung to it by the mothers of the age. In our colleges, young Catholic girls are forming sodalities to show their devotion to the Church. In the non-sectarian colleges, Newman clubs and other organizations have been formed to prevent the loss of the faith. Organized campaigns are now being conducted by

Catholic girls among their friends to bring about a revival of modesty in dress, and to ban the sexual modern plays, novels and motion pictures. This generation has made a glorious beginning in an age when the vices of paganism are rampant and the spirit of anarchy rears its ugly head.

How successful will be the work of Catholic action, depends upon the calibre of those engaged in this noble movement. Yet, it would seem fair to state that Catholic college women realize the meaning of Catholic action, and are earnestly endeavoring to carry out its principles.

Ultimately, women can make or break the world. The statement that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world," is not exaggerated. It lies within the power of Christian women to rescue the world from the depths of moral and economic chaos. We, as Catholic college students, must convert the world to the faith of Christ, and to the practice of Christ's teaching. It is through women that the restoration of the world to a sane and normal method of living must come. A glorious heritage, of which we must not fail to prove worthy, is ours. We must not fail to inject into society and social institutions the principles of Catholic action. We must not fail those women of the past who so courageously dedicated their lives to the execution of the principles of Catholic action. We must not fail the unborn generations who will hold us responsible for the continuance of the traditions of the ages. How shall we meet this challenge? It rests with you, and you, and you! Join the vanguard now; seize your banners and follow these women who have set such high standards for you to reach. The future of Catholic action depends upon YOU!

Gertrude M. Horgan

Farewell

O Regis, in thy hallowed halls we've garnered wisdom's precious lore,
As now we face the unknown years, thy last kind blessing we implore.
Before us lies the arch of years, the future veiled in clinging mist,
But lingering in memories with Regis we'll keep loving tryst.

O Regis, if the coming years bring aught of grief, or woe, or strife,
In mem'ry we'll return to thee, thy peace will quell the storms of life.
Our homage and our loyalty will staunch and steadfast be,
Farewell, dear Regis, through the years our hearts belong to thee.

Agnes C. Delaney

Washington, the Man

The year 1932 marks the bicentennial of the birth of George Washington, first President of the United States. For two hundred years he has lived in the minds and hearts of the people of this country. What has so endeared him to the American nation? Generally speaking, Americans are a people not much given to the veneration of one man, or to the admiration of one ideal. Life is too much filled with petty details to admit of much time for understanding or appreciating heroism, except inasmuch as it lives in the present day. Yet, this year, the entire nation is pausing to pay tribute to one man, a man who was born two centuries ago in the uncultivated wilderness of Young America. George Washington stands as a type, and has stamped himself deep in the imagination of mankind. He rises up from the dust of history as a Greek statue appears pure and serene from the earth in which it has lain for centuries. The names of other actors in the drama of the struggle for Independence have been forgotten, but the name and deeds of Washington will never perish in the dust of obscurity. To add brightness to the sun is impossible, to add glory to the name of Washington is likewise impossible, but it is fitting to record the achievements of this commander, statesman and leader.

The America of today is widely different from the nation of Washington's time. In place of thriving towns, of a network of railroads and water routes, there was then only a vast wilderness of underbrush and forests. It was into this wild, uncultivated country that young George was sent at the age of sixteen. For many years he braved the terrors that lay beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains, returning with carefully planned maps and many ideas concerning the future expansion of his country. As the first expansionist of the brave new country there was before him always a vision of well cultivated, well inhabited America, progressing in the ideals of liberty and freedom. These ideas were later realized in his presidential administration when he aided in the colonization of the West.

With the beginning of the year 1775, faint rumblings of war were heard. Rebellion had edged its way into the New England colonies and had inspired the colonies to revolt against the Mother country. Washington, burning with a zeal for freedom and independence, opposed all measures imposed by England on the colonies. He was an important figure at the momentous Continental Congress, so outstanding as to call forth the following words from Patrick Henry, "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is undoubtedly the greatest man on the floor." His keen insight into the troubles facing the colonists, his noble character and extraordinary ability to handle men, were recognized by the men of his time who chose him as the commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. At Valley Forge, Washington

inspired his soldiers to feats of valor, because of his sympathetic appreciation of the hardships which they were undergoing, and because he shared with them the rude surroundings of the bleak country. Like a few other great commanders, notably Napoleon and Lee, Washington stands out among military leaders for the devotion he inspired in his followers. Throughout the War for Independence, Washington was hopeful, calm, tactful, patient, and judicial. He was a skilled tactician, and demonstrated his superb generalship by showing that he knew when to attack, when to retreat, and when to halt. From the first shedding of blood at Lexington and Concord to the victorious surrender at Yorktown, the leader never failed the people who so trusted him. With a magnanimity surmounting all difficulties and an inexhaustible amount of patience and courage, he accomplished an extraordinary task, and left a noble heritage to his people, freedom from British tyranny.

Washington adorned his epoch with his talents and his nobility of character and his virtues which even envy dare not assail. History offers few examples of such renown. Great from the outset of his career, patriotic before his country had become a nation, brilliant and universal, despite the passion and political resentments that might have checked his career, he was the only man capable of guiding a country through its early stages, and of welding separate colonies into a united whole. He alone had the sagacity necessary to settle troublesome disputes between the different colonies. In short, he was the ideal man, the perfect leader.

After the close of the War for Independence, Washington was called upon to preside over the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia in 1787. Without the wise counsel of George Washington and his rare tact, the Constitution of the United States might never have been written. His spirit dominated the Convention. The Constitution itself was his idea and he best realized the need of welding the thirteen separate colonies into one strong federal government. His manner of accomplishing that tremendous task, his unfaltering courage in the midst of hardship and his unswerving devotion to his ideals, furnish the Americans of today with a peerless model. His was the stupendous task of taking thirteen envious, distributed colonies and moulding them into an orderly federation under the authority of a central government and the power and generalship with which he accomplished this work, is the eternal monument to his undying name.

Into the green stillness of Mount Vernon there penetrated the plea of the freed colonists for a wise hand to guide the country through its initial period of development. The commander-in-chief answered the call and took up his residence at Washington, there to assume his title of first President of the United States. The people recognized in this great man the soul of a pioneer. With a determination to achieve his ideals and an unfailing trust in the Providence of God, Washington assumed the responsibilities of his position and directed his abilities toward bringing the bewildered colonists into a safe harbor of democracy. With the courage of a leader of men, he appointed Hamilton, Jefferson, and Jay to prominent governmental posts. In the selection of his cabinet he displayed an unerring power of judgment, and discerning

justice in choosing men who represented all sections of the new land. In his execution of the Presidential powers, he displayed tact and forbearance, purity of soul and nobility of character. His well formulated principles, his undaunted courage, and his "devotion to the balance of orders and interests" distinguished him in those troubled days.

A recent historian has stated that "General Washington is known to us as President Washington, but George Washington is an unknown man." He has been pictured as a lonely figure, of lofty intellect and tremendous moral force, who went his way alone. It is true that this myth has some reality in it. In Washington there was something of greatness, of majesty, which held men aloof. Even in his own age he was considered to be an aristocrat. In recent years a campaign has been conducted to do away with the legends which surround the true record of Washington's life, and prevent his being known as the humanitarian he really was. Washington was a difficult man to comprehend and although he wrote thousands of letters, speeches, and messages, scarcely one reveals the man himself. But behind the myth there is a real man, a man of thought and emotions, a man who had visions of the future as well as sharp pictures of the present. He who fails to see the humanity of Washington fails utterly to understand the meaning of his life.

As President and statesman, George Washington was even more conspicuous than as military leader. With characteristic thoroughness, he informed himself of the details of his task. It seems remarkable that, with no predecessor, Washington should so skillfully and unerringly have performed the duties of his office. Owing to the tact with which he manoeuvered the ship of state through the troubled waters of the first administration, Washington was asked to accept a second term. The first term of the President had been comparatively peaceful. The second was the exact antithesis. The United States was drawn into the complication of European Politics. Washington wisely gave to Americans the great tradition for the present policy of cautious isolation when he issued the Neutrality Proclamation. To this day, statesmen opposed to the League of Nations theory quote at length from this Neutrality Proclamation to show that, on historical grounds, the present standpoint of America is completely justified.

On September 19, 1796, Washington delivered the historical "Farewell Address," one of the treasures of American literature. If the first President had left nothing else to commend him to the attention of posterity, the "Farewell Address" would be sufficient to rank him among the great. No leader of men ever gave to his people a wiser or nobler political testament. In that famous speech, he continued the splendid principle of government laid down in the Declaration of Independence, and expressed a trend of thought which ultimately led to the formation of the Monroe Doctrine. These three pieces of literature have exercised the most potent influence upon the destiny of America as a nation and have wisely controlled the conduct of other nations as well. The policy of non-intervention with Europe was expressed by Washington in the following words: "Our detached and distant situation invites us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the time is not far off when we may defy internal injury from material aggression."

From the same "Farewell Address" we quote the following lines which might well be echoed today when Communism threatens our Country: "Be Americans. Let there be no sectionalism, no North, South, East or West, you are all dependent one on another and should all be in union . . . In one word, be a nation; be Americans, and be true to yourselves." Thus, the "Farewell Address" one of the noblest state documents in the history of the world, represents the mature wisdom and deliberate political philosophy of Washington, not only for his day, but for the future of his nation. It was the last legacy of George Washington to posterity.

The religious element in Washington's character is rarely stressed, yet from a study of his life we find that his was a strongly religious nature. The deep piety and sincere Christian spirit inherent in him illumined his whole life and his every action. Baptized in the Episcopalian belief, he never lost sight of his religion, nevertheless he held in highest respect and reverence the religions of other denominations. As colonel of the Virginia militia in 1756, Washington frequently ordered his men to attend prayers and "Divine Service," and he himself was a regular attendant at church. When his supreme trial came, as commander-in-chief of the raw troops of the Continental Army, Washington urged Congress to employ chaplains for the regiments, so that the men might be encouraged and assisted to live upright, exemplary lives in the midst of danger and disaster. An instance of Washington's respect for other religions is found in his list of instructions to Colonel Arnold just as he was about to lead the expedition against Canada: "As the Contempt of the Religion of a Country by ridiculing any of its Ceremonies or affronting its Ministers or Votaries has ever been deeply resented, you are to be particularly careful to restrain every Officer and Soldier from such Imprudence and Folly and to punish every Instance of it. On the other hand, as far as lies in your Power, you are to protect and support the free Exercise of the Religion of the Country and the undisturbed Enjoyments of the Rights of Conscience in religious Matters with your utmost Influence and Authority." A yet more delightful and interesting glimpse into the religious character of Washington is found in the fact that on the eve of the Evacuation of Boston the countersign in Washington's army was "Thank God for Saint Patrick." Even in such little things his deeply Christian spirit pervaded his whole life and all his dealings with men. On his deathbed, Washington's religious sentiment was so strong within him that, as he said himself, he was "not afraid to go." George Washington's ideals of truth and honor and justice — ideals which all posterity knows to be generous and lofty — were founded on his belief in God and in the absolute justice of God. Although he was not of our faith, Washington's life ennobled and enriched by the conscientious loyalty to religion, teaches us the supreme value of constant devotion to the light and faith that is in us.

Washington's personal character exercised a great influence upon the people of the country. His wisdom and courage, his devotion and fortitude, his zeal and statesmanship, exalted the nation. Washington embodied all the elements which went to form the Union. Milton's statement regarding Cromwell may also be applied to George Washington, "war made him great, peace greater." His power to read men

aright and to understand them contributed in no small measure to the success of his administration. Although he was less eloquent than others, he had a rare balance of all powers, a balance so well sustained that he deserved Lowell's title of the "imperial man." His undaunted courage in the face of obstacles, his depth of convictions, his breadth of intellect, his charm of manner—all these were gifts which, in combination, would have made him distinguished in any company, in any century.

It is one of the characteristics of great men that they seem to belong to all ages. They are not limited to the century in which they live, nor to the country in which they were born. Few characters surpass that of Washington in this regard. He exhibited rare foresight. He had a broad outlook for the future. True, he was a Southerner, but, unlike many statesmen, his interests were national, not sectional. Although he lived close to the Atlantic seacoast, he seemed endowed with a vision of this land to be, and was a prophetic believer in the whole great country. He was born in the East, and lived and died there, but no man in his generation realized more fully the prophecy of the great West, or cherished more highly the dream of a vast country stretching out toward a distant shore.

Much has been written of Washington the leader. Who can judge the breadth and soundness of his statesmanship? "That Washington had around him many great minds does not detract from his glory. His was the directing spirit without which there would have been no independence, no union, and no Republic. His ways were the ways of truth. He built for eternity. His stature increases with the increasing years. In wisdom of action, in purity of character, he stands alone. We cannot estimate him. We can only indicate our reverence for him and thank the Divine Providence which sent him to serve and inspire his fellowmen."

How did Washington win that magic power, that majestic authority over the minds and hearts of his countrymen? In what did the power of Washington consist? Was it in the high moral character of the man? Was it in his incorruptible honesty, in his uncompromising truth, in his devout reliance on God, in his humanity, generosity and justice, in a harmonious blending of all these qualities with solid information and sound judgment?

It is small wonder that the armies of England, and the fleets of Napoleon alike paid tribute to the memory of this man, even as the American people, in this bicentennial year, attempt to show by pageants, speeches and memorial ceremonies, a small part of the affection in which George Washington is held. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the hearts of men will venerate him always. The real hero needs no books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence due the Father of America. In truth, he took the shield "Pro Patria" from the hands of Liberty, bore it splendidly during his life-time, then handed it down to future generations to carry bravely on. The voices of admiring thousands arise today from every land for America's First Citizen, George Washington, who was great as a soldier, equally great as a statesman, greater as a leader of men, but greatest of all as Washington, the man.

KATHLEEN B. LANDREY

A Challenge to Catholic Writers

"Carpe Diem!" Let the cry ring through the sleeping world! Let the valleys shout to the hills, and the eternal hills lift the challenge to the echoing sky! "Carpe Diem!" It is the challenge of the Catholic Church to her children, who hide their talents under the proverbial bushel, and stifle their genius in a world of mocking men. "Carpe Diem!" "Come forth from the shadows of oblivion," she calls, "for now is the acceptable time."

This is the age of modern literature—an age when "best sellers" are flooding the markets and the reading public is demanding books of fiction, science, history, biography and philosophy. But instead of meeting the demand with prolific output, the great majority of gifted Catholics are retiring to the background, and leaving the work of creating truly Catholic literature to the inevitable few. Few books of more than mediocre value are being contributed to the realm of literature by Catholic authors, and even Catholic periodicals find it difficult to secure for their pages literature, which, while Catholic in tone and feeling, is still literature, designed to interest and uplift the reading world. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, virile Catholic men of letters were producing works that clamored for attention, but the decline and paucity of Catholic letters since then is little short of appalling. Catholic masterpieces today are conspicuous by their absence.

The dearth of Catholic writers is but the more discouraging, in view of the fact that the Catholic press of today has a definite battle to wage against the cheap, sensational literature—both books and periodicals—which is infesting the literary world. It is an accepted fact that newspapers and periodicals attempt to give the people what they think the people want—it is the duty of talented Catholics to give to Catholic readers what those readers need to preserve their faith and lead the normal, upright lives of Christian men and women. Speaking of the pagan tendencies of the modern press, Jerome B. Keller, in an address before the Catholic Forum on "Catholics and the Press," declared: "The modern journal of repute strives always to reflect what it considers to be the best in popular thought—in popular thought, mark you. And precisely because current popular thought has its roots in a culture which is the offspring of an illicit union between education divorced from religion, on the one hand, and humanism, begotten of materialistic self-love on the other, the Catholic reader must, perforce, take his daily news in a pagan mélange, news more or less seasoned with anti-Catholic philosophy . . . Who will deny that the daily grist of news events served in the pagan style—of wit and humor more than tinged with irreverence, even blasphemy—of meretricious articles tricked out in plausible garb and labeled "serious"—of cheap, serial fiction which inferentially extols both materialism and atheism

—who will deny that, in the absence of antidotes in kind, these are among the chief causes of loss of faith on the part of Catholics?"

For it is an indubitable fact, that while Catholics are thus idle, atheistic, communistic, and rationalistic writers are supplementing the daily news sheets with articles and books, which are often only thinly-veiled attacks on the Catholic faith, and are actually making dangerous inroads on the faith of indifferent Catholics. Unquestionably, here is matter for grave concern. The Catholic Church needs soldiers of the pen today as she has never needed them before—trained, intelligent knights of faith and literature—to joust with and defeat the hostile forces of the enemy who are doing all in their power to mar and disfigure the pure name of Catholicity. She calls on her sons and daughters to take up the pen in her defense, and embody, in poetry and prose, the Catholic principles which have been twisted, misconstrued, and attacked by the progressives and atheists of the day.

It is, in large measure, to the youth of the present generation that the Church sends her ringing appeal. Young men and young women, graduates of Catholic colleges, have had the advantage of an education, not divorced from, but rather united with religion, and they, equipped with sound knowledge of the faith, with education, with culture, and with lofty idealism, are the hope of the Catholic Church. To their keeping, she entrusts her honor, her responsibilities for the salvation of the children of Catholicity, and looks to them to use the intelligence and abilities which she has fostered and trained to wage a spiritual battle in her behalf. She calls upon them to march against the hostile forces of literature and to bear aloft her blazing white standards of truth and purity, above the contamination of materialism. To her, these loved children are the leaders of Catholic thought and Catholic action in the modern world. Will they be true to her trust? Will Catholic youth heed and answer her stirring call to battle and to victory?

In the world today, Catholic men and women of talent, and even, perhaps, of stifled genius, instead of waking to the menace of steadily increasing anti-Catholic prose and poetry and loosing the pure fountains of truly Catholic literature to cleanse away the dastard poisons of cheap fiction, are allowing false ideas of modesty and doubts of their own ability to stand in their way. This notion of retirement and "splendid isolation" on the part of Catholic writers merely puts into the hands of the enemy powerful weapons for scathing denunciation and attack. The very stultification of Catholic letters today argues that the Church, instead of being the mother of the arts, is an obstacle to the literary attempts of her children. And her children, it would seem, are content to let this odious stigma rest upon the name of her who in the struggling beginnings of literature, gave it impetus and spirit. Many talented Catholics of today who are writing are not writing for Catholics and in the spirit of Catholicism. Instead, they write as non-sectarians to please a public opposed or indifferent to religion, simply because they have neither the zeal nor the courage to win, by the force of their own genius and personality, recognition for work that is truly Catholic in tone and feeling. They spurn and forget the God who gave them their precious talent.

It has been said that English literature is definitely Protestant, while American literature is, as yet, hardly anything. Students and graduates of Catholic colleges find in their hands the glorious opportunity of giving to American letters the stamp and seal of Catholicity. "Carpe Diem!" calls the Church, softly, yet insistently, until the cry swells into a bugle-call to arms. "Carpe Diem!" Those of you whom God has blessed with the power and joy of writing, seize the opportunity to render back again to God "this millionth" of His gift to you.

Great Catholic literature has been produced in the past. Are the youth of the present generation shackled with chains which past ages struck to the ground? It would seem that the only explanation of the present deplorable condition of Catholic letters is that many Catholics of today fear the stinging barbs of scorn and ridicule which hostile writers are all too ready to hurl upon Catholic literature. They lack the courage to stand up to the fight, and so they retire from the lists, leaving the field free for atheism, naturalism, and communism to pour their insidious poisons into the world. But the Church is calling to you, Catholic youth of America! Why yield to such prejudice and opposition? Why not plunge into the fray and fight the ugly, flat, "modern" literature, which no one really enjoys, and which is slowly and surely destroying the beautiful in God's world? There are Catholics who have done it—there are some few Catholics who are doing it today. His Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishop of Boston, certainly sets a noble, exalted standard for the members of his own flock, and indeed, for the entire world, to honor and to follow. The vigorous, powerful prose of his sermons and essays, particularly of the justly famous "Blessed Joan of Arc," together with the deep, spiritual beauty and majesty of his hymns, are eternal monuments of literature perfectly united with religion. Gilbert Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc, the mighty "Chesterbelloc" of English letters, are fighting bravely and openly for the pure ideals of Catholicity. Owen Francis Dudley, in his famous and interesting trilology, "Shall Men Be Like Gods?", "Shadows on the Earth," and "The Masterful Monk," directed a forceful attack against the grim bugbears of atheistic teachings and theories. Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet, never lost an opportunity to urge the claims of Catholic ideals.

Catholic writers may feel perhaps that they are handicapped by their Catholic faith in a world of doubt and scepticism. They may feel that, as Catholics, with Catholic thought and Catholic ideals, they can never rise to heights of fame and recognition. The trend of the day in modern literature seems to be to ignore God and to mock religion, to dwell almost morbidly on sensualism and crime, and to flaunt openly the banners of sin. It is true that a Catholic writer may not follow this downward trend; but literature in its pure and noble sense, literature, "the written expression of the true and the beautiful," is essentially the realm of the Catholic, who finds the All-True and the All-Beautiful in his own sublime, divine religion.

A Catholic writer is never denied his place in the world simply because he is a Catholic. Lovers of beauty and art and culture will always recognize him who sings of imperishable beauty in words of fire and flame. Does not the work of Dante breathe

the spirit and teaching of Catholicism? And Dante is one of the immortal writers of all literature. Did not Chaucer write truly Catholic masterpieces? He is not denied his lofty place in the world of letters.

Outstanding in the literature of the past, is the staunchly Catholic work of Blessed Thomas More, who suffered with sweet resignation the loss of all things, even life, for his faith. He, forseeing the approaching menace of the heresy in England, placed his pen at the service of his Church and did staunch battle for her against the oncoming heresy, even when he was confined in the Tower of London, awaiting his martyr's death. More's works are universally considered as "models of pure and elegant style," and many critics give him the dignified title of "father of English prose." More himself looked neither for fame nor honor; he was content to work, and live, yea, even to die, for his precious inheritance of the faith. Rev. James J. Daly, S.J., in one of his charming essays, has applied Wordsworth's description of a "Happy Warrior" to the sunny, versatile disposition of Blessed Thomas More, and this trenchant verse should be the exalted standard for every Catholic who wields his pen for faith and the Church:

"Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without his fame,
And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause,
And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause,
This is the Happy Warrior . . . "

Cardinal Newman, who is everywhere hailed as the supreme master of English prose, and of whom it has been said "Not to know Newman is not to know English," wrote, after his conversion to the one true Faith, in the sacred spirit of Catholicism. Brother Leo says of him, "Religion was the mainspring of his life, the inspiration of his labors, the source of his greatness. Religion disciplined his literary style." Yet no one has the temerity to deny that John Henry Newman is the master of English letters. Newman was the first to establish definitely the fact that religion and literature are naturally united, and, since his death, Catholic men of letters have been following his courageous lead.

Francis Thompson lived in a materialistic age of doubt and unbelief, yet the white light of Catholicity which burned in his heart and inspired his poetry, swept even the English poetry of his day with some of its kindling fire. Thompson's richly beautiful "Hound of Heaven" is everywhere recognized as one of the most notable odes in all literature. In the fine, delicate poetry of Alice Meynell, Thompson's friend, we find a wholly Catholic spirit lending grace and depth to the entire body of her writings. And Coventry Patmore, who, at this same period, wrote his tender, graceful poems, deeply spiritual and Catholic, is none the less famous in posterity because he was a Catholic.

Even today the few Catholics who are writing are acclaimed and recognized for the genuine worth that is in them. Gilbert Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc are universally hailed as masters because of the power and depth of their works. They are both staunchly, even pugnaciously Catholic, yet they are respected and admired even by their adversaries. The work of Robert Hugh Benson, convert and priest, is equally outstanding. His historical novels refute in masterful fashion the vicious attacks of modernism on the Church of previous ages.

The charge that there is absolutely no modern Catholic literature is untrue. The deeply interesting and powerful novels of Canon Sheehan are in themselves a contradiction to this charge. Reverend Hugh F. Blunt, with his prolific poetry and prose, is doing much to add to the abundance of Catholic literature in the twentieth century. Leonard Feeney, whose sincere charming poems and essays are loved for their grace and simplicity, has also dedicated his talent to the service of the Catholic Church. On the roll-call of Catholic writers we have such names as John Banister Tabb, Frederick William Faber, Maurice Francis Egan, Louise Imogen Guiney, Agnes Repplier, Adelaide Proctor, Enid Dennis, Aline Kilmer, Isabel Clarke, John Ayscough, Father Finn, the idol of boyish hearts, and Father Spaulding, surely an imposing list and one to conjure with. But in comparison with the vast army of those writing in an indifferent vein, and those writing in an actively hostile vein, the numbers of this brave little group are pitifully small.

From a study of these Catholic authors it is apparent that only genuine worth counts after all. Merely lack of artistic ability and abundance of puerility cause the work of many Catholic writers of today to be rejected and tossed aside. It is not enough simply to write Catholic matter, the message of Catholicity must be given to the reading public in form and language which will stir their pulses and quicken their hearts. Catholic writers must reach the public, even as the enemies of religion do, and at the same time, they must remain Catholic in word and spirit. Joyce Kilmer, in one of his last letters to his wife, gives a good working principle for all Catholic writers in the words: "If what you write does not clearly praise the Lord and His saints and angels, let it praise such types of heaven as we know in our life, —God knows they are numerous enough. I can honestly offer 'Trees' and 'Main Street' to our Lady, and ask her to present them as the faithful work of her poor and unskilled craftsman to her Son. I hope to be able to do it with everything I write hereafter, and to be able to do this is to be a good poet." If this were the aim of every Catholic writer, the literature of Catholicism would be true literature, intimately united with religion, and yet exalting for the public the familiar, every day things of life which they love and recognize.

"Carpe Diem!" you Catholic youth of America! Seize now the opportunity to dare all for the Holy Church. Whatever there is in you, she begs you to bring forth into the light of day and thereby further her honor and glory among men. Thomas Carlyle, although not a Catholic writer, in his famous Gospel of Work, has issued a call which Catholic young men and women could well hear and answer. He urges all men to "Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifullest, infinitesimal fraction of a

Product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it, then. Work while it is called Today; for the night cometh wherein no man can work."

The opportunity lies ready now—grasp it ere the golden moment flees from you, "work while it is called Today, for the night cometh wherein no man can work." The Church herself exhorts you, and declares "Laborare est orare," for work in the holy name of the Church is a pure and glorious prayer ascending to the Great White Throne of God. It is the mission of Catholic youth, trained and educated in their holy faith, to carry the banners of Catholicism into the field of literature, and to lead all mankind to the white, gleaming altars of Beauty and of Truth.

Catherine R. McQueeney

Reflection

Though Benediction's over now
And people start to go,
I cannot leave my Savior yet,
The Christ Who loves me so.
I pray—and in the fragrant dusk
Of this hushed, holy place
I know that Christ is close to me
Though I cannot see His Face.
The incense still makes sweet the air.
Though candles' flames are dead
The glowing sanctuary lamp
Burns bravely, softly red.
Now all have gone. The church is hushed,
The crimson flame leaps high—
We watch alone before His Throne,
The blood-red lamp and I.
I watch the faithful flame flare bright,
It sinks! Ah, see it rise!
It scorns the gusts that threaten it,
This flame that never dies.
I watch in awe, then humbly pray
That Christ will give to me
The grace to make my life a lamp
To burn as faithfully.

Loretta R. Andrews

St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland

In accordance with the custom of the Catholic Church, a Eucharistic Congress will be held in June of this year, and due to the fact that 1932 marks the fifteen hundredth anniversary of the coming of Patricius to the Green Isle of Erin, the council has elected to convene in Dublin, Ireland, in order that all due honor and glory may be given to the illustrious and beloved Saint Patrick. The Irish people have never forgotten the heritage received from Saint Patrick, and they still honor and reverence the glorious saint who crushed their ancient superstitions and heresies, and gave new life and new freedom to Erin. The Irish race loves the religion he taught and looks upon it as the living, breathing power which holds civilization together.

Echoing down through the centuries, the name of Saint Patrick has ever been honored in Ireland, and paeans of praise, sung in the rich cadences of the Gaelic tongue, give sufficient evidence of the lofty position which the saint holds in Irish hearts and Irish history. No other apostle has the crowning distinction of Saint Patrick who converted an entire nation from the superstitions of Paganism to the high idealism of Christianity, all without the loss of a single drop of blood. In the hearts of the Irish people, there is a love and loyalty to Saint Patrick which has not diminished during the fifteen centuries since he walked among the stern old hills of the Emerald Isle.

Due to conflicting biography, the exact place of Saint Patrick's birth is unknown, but the fact of his true parentage is well established. He was born in 372, the son of a Roman magistrate, and his mother was a near relative of Martin of Tours . . At the age of sixteen, Patrick, with other youths of his age and physical stamina, was taken captive by the chief of the Irish kings in a pillaging expedition to France. Thence he was brought to Ireland, where he was sold in slavery to Milcho, a chieftain of the Antrim.

Although mists of doubt and uncertainty obscure all knowledge of the natural birthplace of the father of the Irish people, the place wherein his spiritual birth took place is clearly established in a work written by Saint Patrick himself, entitled "The Confession." Herein is recorded the fact that on the heights of Mount Slemish, where Patrick was engaged in the herding of sheep, the boy first received the dazzling light of faith and the precious grace of conversion. There in the stern fastnesses of Ireland's mountains, with the natural beauty of God's world stretching out before his eyes in panoramic glory, did Patrick commune with his God, and find supreme joy and perfect happiness in his communion. Of this period in his life Saint Patrick writes in his "Confession": "After my arrival in Ireland I was daily tending sheep and I prayed frequently during the day; and the love of God and his faith and fear increased in me more and more, and my soul was stirred, so much that in a single day I have recited a hundred prayers, and in the night nearly the same number."

Taken in his youth from his home and loved ones, this hardy Christian soul served his novitiate on the lonely heights of Mount Slemish. After some time had passed in blissful meditation and prayer, Patrick, in a dream one night, received a command to make ready for his escape. He obeyed the heavenly injunction and fled secretly through forests and wilderness, emerging finally on the western coast of Ireland, whence he embarked for France, then known as Gaul. Upon reaching his own home, the boy was received with joy and exultation, but he soon grew restless and uneasy, due to the spiritual manifestations of his vocation. At this time he had a vision in which he was commanded to go and deliver the Irish race from the gloomy shadows of Paganism. In his dream he heard the Irish people calling as if with one voice and entreating him: "We beseech thee, holy youth, to return and still walk among us." Strangely awed, and moved to the depths of his noble soul, Patrick was convinced that God had given him a special vocation to convert the Irish people. Patrick was thirty years of age when he conceived a firm fixed purpose to become a priest of God, and to go forth to preach Christianity to the benighted people of Ireland. In accordance with his holy determination, he spent the next thirty years of his life in concentrated preparation for the fulfillment of his vocation.

Patrick possessed the virtue of humility to a very high degree. It is said that the greatest are often the humblest, and the humblest of all is the man who walks with God. This accounts for the unassuming beginning: "I, Patrick, the unlearned," which opens Patrick's learned discourse set forth in his "Confession." At the time when Patrick beheld the vision which informed him of the will of God in regard to his vocation, he had already progressed to a high degree of proficiency in the Gaelic language, and was well acquainted with the customs and religion of the Irish race. The saint's education was very thorough, and a more complete one was unobtainable in the age in which he lived. For four years he studied at the Isle of Lerins, a world-famed stronghold of piety and learning. He then repaired to Rome, where, with the Canons of the Lateran he studied theology and canon law for a space of six years. His forty-fifth year saw the fruition of his life of prayer and study, and Patrick was ordained a priest, the holy anointed of God.

Saint Patrick now secluded himself in Mount Arnonand, and there he beheld another vision in which he heard the voice of an angel commanding him: "Go to Ireland and thou shalt be the apostle of that nation." For several years after this visitation, Patrick studied under St. Germanus, who brought the holy priest to the notice of Celestine the First. From this Pope, Saint Patrick received his mission to Ireland, and after his consecration as bishop he hastened to return to the country from which he had fled—that country which was to be the field of his apostolic mission. The span of years between his first visit to Ireland and his return was wide. In like manner, his change in estate was great—he came at first as the humble slave . . . he returned a servant yet . . . but a servant of the living God and a prince of the Catholic Church.

There is a general misconception as to the condition of the Irish people at this time, who, though thoroughly pagan, were not unlearned. In fact, Ireland had a very

highly developed Pagan civilization. It was a unified and strongly centralized nation, the control being in the hands of the chief kings. The various dominions were ruled over by inferior kings who were vested with the authority received from the Ard-righ or high king of Ireland. Next to the kings in rank were the Druids, who were the priests of the Irish pagan religion. Finally there was the Brehon who dispensed justice and formulated the Irish code of law. In addition to these three divisions of authority there were the Bards who immortalized their era in the liquid Gaelic tongue.

When Saint Patrick returned to Ireland he found there a well-regulated system of law, and a spirit of natural justice. The weak were protected from the overbearing force of the strong, the rights of the women were not over-ruled, and provision was always made for those children left orphaned and alone by the death of parents. At this period in Ireland's history, intellectual preëminence was a coveted honor, and those who attained to it were held in high esteem. Naturally the wealth of intellectual ability lay in the ruling class among the Kings, the Druids, and the Brehons. Saint Patrick, therefore, knowing as he did the Irish people, realized that the fate of his mission depended on his success among these classes, and he prepared to attack paganism in both root and branch.

On Easter Sunday in 434, Saint Patrick launched his attack, and though he was but a single man against the many, he was fighting the good fight for religion, and the strength of God sustained him. He went before the Druids, Kings, and Brehons bearing before him the hymn which he ever after called his Breastplate, a blessed and beautiful invocation:

"I bind to myself this day
The Power of God to guide me,
The Might of God to uphold me,
The Wisdom of God to teach me,
The Eye of God to watch over me,
The Ear of God to hear me,
The Word of God to give me speech,
The Hand of God to protect me,
The Way of God to lie before me,
The Shield of God to shelter me,
The Host of God to defend me
Against the temptations of vices,
Against the lusts of nature,
Against every man that meditates injury to me
Whether alone or with many.
I bind to myself this day
The strong faith of the Invocation of the Trinity--
The faith of the Trinity in Unity,
The Creator of the Elements."

The crafty pagan philosophers argued cunningly with Patrick and often brought the white light of intellectual curiosity to bear upon his spiritual teachings. But against the wisdom of Patrick their empty philosophy vanished into mists of doubt, dismay, and half-hearted conviction.

On Holy Saturday, 434, Patrick literally opened fire on the ramparts of Irish paganism. On the hill of Slane over against the hill Tara, he lighted the sacred fire which flared high into the heavens, symbolic of the light of faith which was soon to flame through all Ireland. King Laeghaire, Ard-righ of Erin, had planned a solemn festival at Tara which was to take place the following day, and amazed and angry at Patrick's daring, he sent his vassals to seize and punish the offender. In vain did his servants attempt to extinguish the flames, though the Druid prophecy sounded threateningly in their ears: "If that fire is not put out before morning it never will be put out." Summoned before the king for his infamous deed, Patrick came bravely to the court with his band of followers, chanting as he came the famous hymn known as the Breastplate of Saint Patrick. But the king received him coldly for Patrick was a culprit and an offender against justice; he had broken a law of Erin, and had defied and scorned the customs of an ancient people.

Standing before the assembled court, the representative body of Ireland, Patrick announced his mission in words of fire and ecstasy. On the following day he again returned, and pleaded with the body of intellectuals in order that they might see the righteousness of his cause. By miraculous deeds and persuasive powers of speech the good saint won from King Laeghaire permission to preach the gospel unmolested in Ireland, although Laeghaire himself remained, as the saint had called him, "a son of death." In the archives of Irish history is the traditional tale, that on this occasion Saint Patrick, in his sermon on the Blessed Trinity, plucked the green shamrock from the sward of Tara, making this triple leaf at once the illustration of his sacred subject, and an emblem of Christian Erin. The intellectuals of Ireland were convinced of the truth of Patrick's earnest words, and they embraced the strange, beautiful doctrine he preached, finding herein nothing that shrank from their intellectual scrutiny. All the truths and mysteries of Christianity were defended by the wisdom and knowledge of Patrick. In this way the power of paganism was weakened, crushed, and at last, broken. Christianity had invaded and conquered the island.

Thenceforth the growth of Christianity in Ireland was remarkable. The Christian religion fitted in naturally with the Irish conception of a true religion, and being further fostered in the hearts of a willing people by the gentle Saint Patrick, it was ever after loved and cherished by the Irish race. Nobloodshed stains the pages of Irish ecclesiastical history during a nation-wide conversion, which is unexcelled for the rapidity with which it was accomplished, and the fortitude with which it has since endured. Since the conversion of Ireland was so quickly completed, the greater part of Patrick's archiepiscopate was devoted to the building up of Irish laws and customs, so that there would be no discrepancy between the lawmaking bodies and the precepts of religion. Patrick made no marked changes in this revision of his, discarding only such

laws as conflicted with the Christian purpose of life. This revision of laws was accomplished in conjunction with a select intellectual body convened in council, and presided over by Saint Patrick.

Under the tutelage of Saint Patrick, Ireland became the land of saints and scholars. Monasteries and convents sprang up in countless numbers, and as Saint Patrick himself joyfully exclaimed, when he observed the intense devotion and depth of their Christianity: "The sons of the Scoti and the daughters of the princes have become monks and virgins of the Church."

Saint Patrick was at all times one in spirit with Rome. In an age when heresy was everywhere prevalent, he taught the doctrine of Christ to the Irish people in a sound and wholly Catholic manner, and never since has the foul and fetid breath of heresy blighted the faith of Ireland. The Irish race differs widely from other races, in the depth and sublimity of its faith, which has never even wavered or grown dim in Irish hearts.

Of the personality of Saint Patrick, Saint Evin writes: "A just man indeed was this; with purity of nature like the patriarchs; a true pilgrim like Abraham; gentle and forgiving like Moses; a praiseworthy psalmist like David; an emulator of wisdom like Solomon; a chosen vessel for proclaiming truth like the apostle Paul; and full of grace and the Holy Ghost like the beloved John; a fair flower garden to children of grace, a fruitful vine, a flashing fire, with force and warmth of heat to the sons of life, for instituting and illustrating charity, a lion in strength and power, a dove in gentleness and humility; a serpent in wisdom and cunning to do good; gentle, merciful and humble, to the sons of life; dark and ungentle to the sons of death; a servant of labor and service of Christ; a king in dignity and power for binding and loosening, for liberating and convicting, for killing and giving life. Though great his honor here, greater honor will be his in the day when judgment will be given on the fruits of his work."

The heritage of Saint Patrick has been preserved and perpetuated in Ireland, and the dying prayer of the apostle of Ireland has been fulfilled beyond his dreams:

"O Ireland this is my prayer and this is my prophecy
Other nations may lose all that God gave them,
Ireland, my land, will never lose the pure dear faith which she has received."

Agnes C. Delaney

Tree Oration

In these soft, glamorous days of June, the glorious promise of Commencement has dawned upon our eager vision—Commencement with its dignity and solemnity, its sad, sweet memories, its breathless, daring dreams, its smiles, its hopes, its tears. Already the labyrinth of the Future lies before our seeking eyes—the winding avenue of the years calls us away. Yet we linger regretfully for this last golden week—within the sheltering shadow of our Alma Mater. Swift as the flight of the eagle's wings have flown our four years of life within her halls—years so peaceful, so happy, so rich in precious memories, that we vainly stretched our hands to catch the winged minutes fleeting into eternity. The friendships we have made, the joys and griefs we have known, our life of work and study, have sanctified these halls for us forever. Reluctantly indeed we leave our own dear college, but always in our hearts we carry the ideals she has given. Her teachings, her traditions, are the strength and courage with which we face the world. Now, before our college days have vanished into a memory, we plant beneath these stately walls this tree, the living, breathing symbol of the hardy strength which Regis has planted in our souls. Fresh with pulsating, budding life, we offer this token of our supreme love and loyalty to the College of our hearts. As successive seasons come and go, and this tiny tree flourishes and grows strong, so shall our love for Regis College grow and strengthen with the years.

The haunts that knew us will soon know us no more, yet this tree will perpetuate our memory in the beauty and freshness of its strong, vigorous life. We, the children of Regis College are the branches of our tree, and as the Apostles were the branches of the Vine of Christ, so we, too, may be Apostles in a world of doubt and sin—Apostles loyal to Regis, strengthened by her teachings and fortified by her love. Held fast to Regis by the roots of our tree, we are always part of Regis wherever life may lead us. Everything that we do shall be of Regis, every worthy deed of our lives shall be a monument to her ideals.

Now, as the shadows of our college life fall and lengthen, we breathe a final prayer that our tree will grow strongly and gracefully, that it may spread its protecting shade over all who gather here, and that its uplifted arms may beseech God's blessing always on Regis College, on her work, on her children, on her Faculty. May we, too, in after life, feel the peace of its friendly shadow, for it will be to us forever the sweet symbol of union between Regis and the Class of '32. Through sorrow, through success, through all of life, this tree is rooted in our hearts. As long as there is life in us, we are bound by its clinging roots and tendrils to the College of our youth, the College of our love, the College that will always be to us the shrine of our fresh young hopes and dreams. This tree, which we now plant as a token of enduring faith and love, pledges us to Regis through all the echoing reaches of the thronging years.

Catherine Rose McQueeney

Social Calendar, 1931-32

SEPTEMBER, 1931—

19 Reception to our new Superior, Sister Mary James, and the new members of the Faculty

25 Entertainment in honor of our Dean, Sister Mary Finbarr

OCTOBER, 1931—

2 Founder's Day—
Conferring of Cap and Gown, by Reverend Augustine F. Hickey
Concert by Mr. Paul Shirley

15 Reception and buffet lunch given by the B.S.H.E. Seniors to the Freshmen
Lecture on Parliamentary Law by Miss Helen Watson

16 Reception to the Freshmen by the Juniors

21 Opening of the Retreat given by Father Fay, S.J.

30 Halloween Party

NOVEMBER, 1931—

22 St. Cecilia's Day Concert given by Miss Marie Houston, Lyric Soprano

24 Presentation of "Menaechmi" by the Classical Club

DECEMBER, 1931—

6 Sophomore vs. Freshman Debate

8 Sodality Reception

11 Alumnae Reception to the Freshmen

17 Lecture on "The Present Catholic Renaissance" by Mr. Louis A. Wetmore

21 Presentation of two plays by the Dramatic Club

22 Christmas Tree Party

JANUARY, 1932—

15 Freshman Circus

17 Meeting of the Federation of Catholic College Clubs. Guests of the Guild

31 Lecture on "Hamlet" by Dr. Frederick Paulding

FEBRUARY, 1932—

1 Concert by the Boston College Glee Club and Orchestra

6 Junior Bridge and Tea

12 Sophomore Valentine Party

14 Address on "The Mexican Situation" by Dr. James J. Walsh

18 Lecture on Art by Mr. Alfred F. Burke

MARCH, 1932—

3 Lecture on "Negro Missions" by Reverend James G. Keller

9 Concert by Miss Gertrude Erhardt

16 Lecture on St. Patrick by Reverend Martin J. Harney, S.J.

18 St. Joseph's Concert by the Glee Club

20 Presentation of the Lenten Drama, "Saint Claudia," by the Alumnae

22 Illustrated Science Lecture by Mr. Joseph Hennessey of Teachers' College

APRIL, 1932—

25 Junior Week

MAY, 1932—

1 Concert by Mrs. Jeraldine Calla-Nolan

3 Coronation of the May Queen

JUNE, 1932—

10 Commencement Week

Commencement Week, 1932

Sunday, June 5, 10:30 A.M.

Solemn High Mass

Celebrant
Right Reverend Monsignor Michael J. Splaine, D.D.

Deacon
The Reverend Richard H. Quinlan, S.T.L.

Sub-Deacon
The Reverend Edward Dowd, A.B.

Master of Ceremonies
The Reverend Otis F. Kelly, M.D.

Baccalaureate Sermon
The Reverend Augustine F. Hickey, S.T.L., Ed.D.

3:00 P.M.

Presentation of Pageant

Monday, June 6, 7 P.M.

Annual Meeting and Banquet of the Alumnae Association

Tuesday, June 7, 7 P.M.

Sophomore Banquet to the Graduates

Wednesday, June 8, 10.00 A.M.

Athletic Day

Thursday, June 9, 3.00 P.M.

Class Day Exercises

Friday, June 10, 3.00 P.M.

Conferring of Degrees
Right Reverend Monsignor Michael J. Splaine, D.D.

Address to the Graduates
The Reverend Richard J. Quinlan, S.T.L.

Class Annals

With the close of Commencement, 1932, our justly famous class goes forth from the halls of our Alma Mater. But leaving, we linger for a moment to deposit in the archives of our college the annals of the Class of '32, and we bid the passing of the years be kind to our memory. Here you may read the story of the happy years which have sped, but too swiftly, over the heads of the Class of 1932.

September, 1928—

A second class entered the maiden portals of Regis College with all the enthusiasm, expectancy and timidity becoming to true freshmen. At the simple opening Mass in the tiny chapel of the administration building, we were introduced to a new life of Catholic ideals and given a sincere welcome by the Reverend Augustine F. Hickey. Then as yearlings, and much to the satisfaction of the Class of '31, we joyfully accepted bibs, lollypops and the orgies of hazing. As pioneers and much to the consternation of a watchful Faculty we climbed with skill and daring over the planks of the unfinished building known as College Hall. Our classes began in the delightful rural informality of the little red schoolhouse.

October, 1928—

By Halloween our true individuality and radical nature as a class began to be realized. Dressed as youthful Lotharios, we escorted a bewildered Faculty and a charmed sister class to our novel Halloween party.

November, 1928—

The outstanding event at this stage of our career was the Harvest Hop, the first Regis College dance attended by the Class of 1932. We learned from this social experience that it is not considered good form to decorate the dancing hall with chaise lounges, and the latter were quickly replaced with chairs. As Harvard and Yale joined battle the next day, so did the two orchestras of that evening celebrate a glorious combat of syncopation.

December, 1928—

Infused with holiday gaiety we attended the Christmas Dance at the College and on this occasion one member of the class was indiscreet enough to cheerfully pilfer the front door key. Of course we should have provided some less expensive souvenir.

January, 1929—

Quite naturally the first "days of reckoning" caused trepidation in all hearts. Mid-years meant in that first year a great deal of discussion and worry, but little concentration. It also meant black coffee, little cakes, large blankets and fervent prayer.

Our first retreat with Father Hanlon, S.J. as master, brought us spiritual blessings and content.

March, 1929—

During the Easter vacation we supported the Country Club Dance held at Woodland. Such was the joy of days unrestricted when we sponsored dances outside the college!

May, 1929—

The racing pace of Freshman year moved all too quickly. We seemed to partake in a whirlwind of social functions. Again the college foyer became the scene of an attractive spring dansant. A hilarious class picnic at Gloucester, followed by more serious final examinations, terminated an active year.

* * * * *

September, 1929—

A second registration day found us returning as Sophomores, deeply impressed with our own wisdom and superiority. It was now our turn to chastise a new group of uninitiated Freshmen and this business we accomplished with much pleasure.

October, 1929—

Many a weary hour was spent within the confines of the science laboratory. Bug hunts were quite in vogue, and burning up a cherished college frock became an ordinary occurrence.

December, 1929—

At the second Christmas Party we found Santa generous as usual.

January, 1930—

We progressed through a revival of mid-years and retreat.

The social season reached its height with the Sophomore Dance at Longwood Towers.

February, 1930—

Spring straw hats made an early and devastating appearance at the Freshman Tea Dance on Washington's birthday.

April, 1930—

Undoubtedly the trip to New York, and to Brooklyn in particular, could be termed as the most unique experience in our college career. Cramped knees, undampened spirits and an overwhelming victory for one side, were the main features connected with this excursion.

May, 1930—

We took an active interest in the Junior Week festivities of our sister class. In the presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew" we found ourselves thrilling an indulgent audience in our roles of black shrouded equestriennes, and as graceful garland and morris dancers. So the half-way milestone was reached.

September, 1930—

Returning to college as Juniors, we gladly assumed the responsibilities of upperclassmen.

October, 1930 –

Appropriately attired in red uniforms we acquired Russian temperaments when the endless sheets of white psychology papers haunted our dreaming and waking hours.

December, 1930 –

At Christmas-tide armed with full dinner baskets and heavy grocery boxes, we became ardent social workers. The settlement house in the North End discovered many enthusiastic, industrious Juniors contributing their small share to the happiness of the poor.

February, 1931—

Second semester found us seeking a necessary relaxation after somewhat trying examinations. The ensuing private dance at the Kenmore Hotel marked the last social event held outside the college grounds.

March, 1931—

Another significant experience was the sleigh party which we were determined to enjoy. The last snow of winter brought forth one large pung and several ancient horses. A gentle feminine pity for straining beasts of burden, was accompanied by an unexpected thaw of Wellesley roads, and the sleigh ride proved to be a walking success!

April, 1931 –

Junior Week arrived in its festive cloak of gay activities. There was the happy spiritual beginning in a Communion Breakfast. The Faculty honored us with a class dinner. Class Day included a variety of sports, a delightful tea for the mothers, and a hilarious class banquet. The Prom came as a brilliant climax. It meant new frocks, fresh flowers, good music, elaborate decorations, smart favors and a miscellany of "hims." A reviving tonic in the form of a Tea Dance ended the festivities on the next day.

June, 1931––

Commencement realized the parting of the first and second classes. Swiftly the year closed amid the confusion of Greek drama, news of the first engagement at the college, identified with a member of '32, and the graduation exercises of the Class of '31.

* * * * *

September, 1931––

History repeats itself even in the course of four years. A little more gravely we registered for the last time and were welcomed back as Seniors. Class elections and an entertainment for the Freshmen followed immediately.

October, 1931—

On Founders' Day, Father Hickey presented us with our caps and gowns, symbols of true seniority and womanly dignity. Our last Retreat came with Father Fay, S.J., as master. His sincere, practical talks left us more truly Catholic-minded with light and peaceful hearts.

November, 1931—

Depression in general became identified in particular with the Regis Year Book. The Copley Theatre party proved one successful means of relieving a distressing situation.

December, 1931—

Senior dramatic talent was emphasized in the Christmas plays which were admirably well done. This happy season also brought a jolly reappearance of Santa Claus, a gay party in the "little red schoolhouse" and the impressive solemnity of the midnight carol singing by the Seniors in cap and gown.

February, 1932—

An extraordinary rejuvenation took place among the Seniors with the innovation of girl scouting. Much to our dismay, we found ourselves organized into grasshopper, pansy, and Indian troops as we turned our gymnasium into a tumultuous playground.

April, 1932—

After Easter, came the last hurried preparation for the press and youthful editors breathed sighs of relief when the Mount Regis went to the printers.

May, 1932—

Spring fever was quickly cured when frenzied minds attempted to master the ninety average for exemption from final examinations.

June, 1932—

The remaining days became a pleasant haze of varied social functions. Commencement brought Baccalaureate, daisy chains, the George Washington pageant, tree exercises, lavish spreads and our long sought sheepskins. Thirty-Two had reached the climax of its collegiate career.

Ruth K. Hodges

A Ballade of Roads

There's a road that runs to the rolling sea
With its eager ships and its restless tide,
There's one that looks across the lea
And struggles with the mountain side;
There's a highway that sweeps broad and wide
To a royal house with a golden dome;
But with love a staff and truth a guide,
Each road of life at last leads home.

There's a pleasant road near a shady tree
Where sunbeams in the shadows hide;
There's one that girdles the granary
Where the farmer stores his crops with pride.
There's one that winds and roams aside
By a brook's swift course and swirling foam,
But whether east or west they ride
Each road of life at last leads home.

There's the cruel road on which for me
He bore a cross and a Heart that cried,
Until on bleak, bare Calvary
He deeply suffered and gladly died,
With a back red-raw where the lash was plied,
And a thorn-torn Head. Died, and new Rome
Shows us the way. Ah, Christ Who died!
Each road of life at last leads Home.

L'Envoi

Christ, though sore my heart is tried
From cradle of love to bed of loam,
Thy Father above and Thee beside,
Each road of life at last leads Home.

Marion E. Fuir

A. Hodges
NOTIONS

Class Prophecy

I wandered idly through the dim and shadowed aisles of dreams,
I glimpsed the perfumed, trembling dawns—their far-flung silvered gleams,
I saw through softening rainbow mists the things that were to be
And dear remembered faces smiled from every side at me.
— Old classmates of the dauntless Class of Regis '32—
All "different" women—famous in the modern world's "Who's Who."

Ruth Hodges, an adored young wife, is queen of all good cooks,
She learned, you see, from Angelo's "Helps For Young Housewives" books.
Jo sometimes leaves this writer's work so dear to her fond heart
To visit paint-daubed Agnes in Delaney's School of Art.
And Frances Connor gives to Tech devoted loyalty
But Doris White has married now a man from old B.C.
The "Leader of the House" is fluent Sherry's unique rank
And brilliant Margaret Riley's math guides straight the Randolph Bank.
Leona Powers edits now the "Paris Fashion Fads"
And Josephine Mahoney is chasing doubtful ads.
Kay Landrey is a model for the artist of the "Pic".
Clare Conley heads "The Women's Club to Help the Poor and Sick."
Now little Mary Donnelly has had her Nuptial Mass,
And Gertrude Horgan, as a Nun, reads "Michael" to the class.
Dolores, still demure and sweet, now plays the helpmate's part,
A lonely millionaire has won Ron Feeney's tender heart.
And Frances Bergin, scorning worldly fame, to a cloister (French!) has fled.
A convert Latin teacher Ann Paone now has wed.
As world-famed dietitian Catherine Sullivan is our pride.
Gert Lynch's "Ye Olde Sandwich Shoppe" is famous far and wide.
Our Ellen is the principal of old North Easton High.
Ruth Burke a famous actress is, though once so coyly shy.
Both Ruth and Rita Donohue have climbed to heights of fame,
They've won renown and glory—and they're still for Notre Dame.
A lecturer on Women's Rights, Ruth Douglass comes and goes;
Marie knows all the well-dressed girls wear "Taylor's College Clothes."
LeBossiere's Love Column gives advice to shy and bold,
Marie McLaughlin sings in France, beloved by young and old.
A popular comedienne is Catherine Taylor, while
Grave Kay McQueeney labors on a distant Leper Isle.
At Regis, Marion Fuir is Dean of Freshmen, kind and wise,
And in her leisure wrote a book on "Black Cats' Weird Green Eyes."

Our Betty is a skilled, kind nurse, beloved in every land,
Fran Laubner took her Ph.D. on "The Works of One George Sand."

But even as I gaze at them, the radiance dims and fades.
The dear friends smile once more at me amid the gathering shades.
And then the vision dies away, the faces disappear,
I wake to grim reality and find my French books near.

LORETTA R. ANDREWS

To a Fashion Doll

On Tremont Street one day I stopped
With window shopper's right,
To gaze upon a puppet there,
A most alarming sight.
For two green eyes and orange hair
Invited me to call;
So in I went and ordered sent
The foolish fashion doll.
The boldly smiling,
Quite beguiling,
Frivolous fashion doll.

And now upon a purple puff
She sits to greet my friends,
In gay pajamas green and gold,
An atmosphere she lends.
While she enjoys disjointed ease,
And seems to laugh at all,
I try to guess why I possess
That foolish fashion doll.
That coyly mocking,
Made of stocking,
Frivolous fashion doll.

RUTH K. HODGES

Class Will

Now we, the Class of Thirty-two,
Are feeling faint and ill,
And with collegiate death in view
Have come to make our will.
We swear there's been no pressure brought,
We're sane and healthy still,
And we'll return and haunt the class
Who dares to break this will.

Our dignity, our poise and charm,
As onward now we pass,
We want divided equally
Through every under-class.
Our academic caps and gowns,
(We should not have to state)
Will only go to Juniors who
Will put the caps on straight.

A prized possession we have saved . . .
Our well-earned, good repute,
And this we leave to "thirty-four"
Whose style, we think, 'twill suit.
Since, Freshmen, we've observed your plight
We now bequeath to you,
Our brilliance, and the fervent hope
That you'll get "nineties" too.

As unto this grave document
We set our hand and seal,
We vanish from this college life
To shadows vague, unreal.
And to our Alma Mater now
We leave affection dear,
And through the years that are to come
Our hearts will linger here.

FRANCES E. CONNOR

Symphonic Senior Strains

"*Love Came Into My Heart*" . . . . . Junior Prom—'31
"*A Cheerful Little Earful*" . . . . . The bell
"*Tell-Tales*" . . . . . No work done on Monday a good week-end
"*Having My Ups and Downs*" . . . . . The Ethics Class
"*You're My Everything*" . . . . . The sheepskin
"*Ohhhh-Ahhhh*" . . . . . An extra day for vacation
"*Time on My Hands*" . . . . . Agnes Delaney
"*Sweet and Lovely*" . . . . . Marie McLaughlin
"*Strangers*" . . . . . Students and books
"*A Blue Note*" . . . . . Campused!
"*Del-i-ci-ous*" . . . . . Dot Bresnahan
"*Too Late*" Clare, the two Frans and Dot, returning from the Boston Public Library
"*Sleepy-time Gal*" . . . . . Fran LeBossiere
"*Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella*" . . . . . Commencement 1931
"*Where Did You Get Those Eyes?*" . . . . . Fran Bergin
"*Two Loves Have I*" . . . . . The Twins
"*Can't We Talk It Over?*" . . . . . Senior Assemblies
"*This is the Missus*" . . . . . Ruth Hodges
"*Holy Cross, My Holy Cross*" . . . . . The bridge club
"*Just Friends*" . . . . . Babe and the typewriter
"*In a Monastery Garden*" . . . . . Marion Fuir
"*Painting the Clouds*" . . . . . Jo Angelo
"*The Waltz You Saved For Me*" . . . . . Kay Landrey
"*You're Driving Me Crazy*" . . . . . Psych papers
"*Was That the Human Thing to Do?*" . . . To prescribe Girl Scout Courses
"*Bye, Bye Blues*" . . . . . Exams
"*Paradise*" . . . . . Regis Campus
"*Just One More Chance*" . . . . . Conditioned

Notice!!!

Any roadster within a radius of two miles to be removed within 48 hours.

The "Living Authors" have strayed from the Library. Please show them the way back.

"Sigma Tau Phi" will meet today at noon, Deo Volente!

Miss Conley will be unable to meet her Bridge Class today.

Unclassified Ads

FOUND:—

In Waltham—Exclusive Elkin's foot-wear at unusual prices.

Wearing apparel for all occasions—Apply to Mary Lucille Bowen

A black cat in the English room. Owner please call for it.

A Senior who can recite the Psychology she memorized last year.

At Assembly—Margaret Sheridan and Ruth Hodges.

Law expert—See G. M. Horgan

LOST:—

Our most brilliant class of students.

History Notebook when due.

Somewhere between the Aesthetics Class and the dining room, a few reckless appetites. Aesthetics Prof. under suspicion.

One escort on the parterre after the Junior Prom.

One perfectly good week-end by a repentant student.

WANTED:—

One tall, blond escort for the Junior Prom. A gentleman preferred; none other need apply.—Box 81, Regis College, Weston, Massachusetts.

An Ivory Gate meeting sometime before graduation.

Bottle of H_2SO_4 by student who failed to pass the Chemistry Course.

The line after —"Tell me not in mournful numbers." The English Class.

Where did You Hear

"Now, when I was in the war—"

"I wish you would adopt text-book phrases."

"Have you girls looked at the sky?"

"Broadmindedness and broadheartedness—"

"Just look at George Sand, girls."

"Where is your optional section?"

"Remember—Regis girls are *different*."

"I'll suspend you from classes indefinitely."

"Would you like to come up here and teach the class?"

"If you remember nothing else but—"

"Has anyone seen my fountain pen?"

"Done any English yet?"

"That doesn't make you a girl scout."

"Remember girls, there's a day of reckoning."

"You get as much out of your courses as you put into them."

"I haven't those notes here, Sister."

"I'll do the talking."

Have You Forgotten

The interpretation of "Michael"?
Marie McLaughlin, in tuxedo,—being stopped for speeding?
How we all looked on Cap and Gown day?
The dangers of spiritism?
The death of George Sand?
The "Hear us, Bacchus" Chorus?
The famous Morris dancers?
The Regis Bridge Club?
November 26, 1930! ! !
Gert Horgan introducing the History teacher to a new prayer?
Always say—"The nation . . . it; the people . . . they?"
The time the varsity went to New York?
Our Freshman Hop with two orchestras?
The Sophomore Hop—and the antique which disappeared?
The day Catherine Sullivan was sent to get the Dean?
"Regis hospitality" after the dances?
The day the English assignment book was marked?
When Ruth Burke cut Fran LeBossiere's hair?
The night a brave girl masqueraded as a nun?
Catherine Taylor's poem for Oral Expression?
When we had those assemblies?
When the Seniors began to teach?
When Vida Scudder disappeared with Brother Leo?
That wonderful Junior Week—1931?
The Junior Prom—shaded lights, the moan of saxophones, those memorable favors, beautiful gowns, lovely girls, handsome escorts, the promenade, and the mellow moon?

Extraordinary Events

Gert Horgan on time for class.
Margaret Sheridan listening silently to an argument.
Ellen Lyons without an objection in History.
Frances LeBossiere worried about something.
Fran Connor all excited!
Frances Laubner calmly ignoring an exam.
Betty Hennessey cool and collected in a basketball game.
Ron Feeney studying.

Agnes Delaney at Sodality.
Anyone talking with the Donohue Twins around.
Kay McQueeney not interested in Ethics.
Ruth Douglass failing to bid on every bridge hand.
Margaret Riley cutting a math class.
Babe Andrews not making friends with everyone.
Ann Paone in the library.

Senior Soliloquy

I've so much studying to do
It seems as if today just flew!
I'll have to concentrate all night
Without a minute's sweet respite.
I guess I've all the books I need,
(And more than I desire indeed)
Upon my crowded desk, piled high,
They weary my indifferent eye.
As pen and paper now appear
The evening air breathes warm and clear;
The campus in the soft dusk dreams,
A dear loved friend to me it seems.
And I suppose when we pass on,
It will not even know we're gone.
When there our pageant we present
Will we fulfill our good intent?
Will I, stage-struck, forget to start
Or — horrors! — trip and spoil my part?
Will graduation flawless be?
(I know I'll drop that old degree!)
Will social functions all be met,
Or will we find disgrace and debt?
And though we make our final bow,
There's nothing but depression now!
Ah me!—These books but glaze my sight,
I've studied quite enough tonight.
I can't remember what I've read,
It's really best to go to bed.

Frances A. Laubner

R. Hodges
ALUMNAE

The Alumnae Association

President	Grace A. Hawley
Vice-President	Alice L. Dineen
Recording Secretary	Rita Steinmann
Corresponding Secretary	Virginia Horgan
Treasurer	Marian Browne

The Regis College Alumnae Association became formally organized on June 6, 1931 with the election of the above officers. To Grace Hawley, president of the Student Government during our College career, our faithful leader and friend, we tendered the office of president. As her able assistants we elected Alice Dineen, Vice-president, Rita Steinmann and Virginia Horgan, as Recording and Corresponding Secretaries and Marian Browne, who had gained considerable experience as our undergraduate financial director was chosen Treasurer. We cordially welcomed Father Otis F. Kelly as our chaplain and guide in spiritual affairs.

Under this able leadership, and inspired with true Regis ideals, the pioneers of '31 set out on their separate careers, united by bonds of friendship and love for their Alma Mater, and by a determination to prove themselves worthy of her name.

In the early fall of 1931 we held our first formal business meeting at which we drew up a tentative program for the year, and appointed committees for various business and social affairs.

Our first undertaking was a Rummage Sale held at Repertory Hall, November 14. Mrs. Joseph V. Carroll of Belmont once more proved herself our generous friend by her direction and assistance. The sale was a great financial success, and we, who emerged tired but triumphant, felt well repaid for our labors.

Our strenuous entrance into the commercial world being satisfactorily effected, we turned our attention to social matters, and gave a reception to the new Freshman Class. Once more the talented members of '31 entertained in College Hall. To the new students, doubtless, it was an experience to hear the readings of Molly Rogers, Helen Cahill and Mary Smiddy, the songs of Yolande Arcand, and the other sketches, furnished by the versatile pioneers, but to us, it was a home coming. We forgot we were sophisticated graduates; we were students again enjoying the impromptu entertainment such as we had held so often during our college days. From that reception also was established a bond among those who were beginning to follow the trail upon which we had set forth, for we realized that they were but younger sisters who would some day join us in the sacred ties of the Alumnae.

In December, we came together again for a delightful social meeting which was followed by an inspiring talk by Father Kelly, our Chaplain. He explained the high place held in the world today by Catholic womanhood, and reminded us of the

example we must set in our daily lives. He spoke of the responsibilities of marriage and the duties and privileges of motherhood in such a way as to make us proud of our destinies.

As in student days, we felt that no year would be complete without a dance. Accordingly we planned and held a "Dansant Noel" in the Louis XIV ballroom of the Hotel Somerset, on the thirtieth of December. The dance was well attended by our members and the undergraduate body of Regis. Besides netting a large sum of money for our treasury, it proved a splendid opportunity to greet our friends once again.

Two of our dearest members are about to embark on a matrimonial career. These newly-engaged girls, Mary Louise Rogers and Elizabeth Harrington, were given a reception by the Alumnae in February. A valentine tea in Peak Hall was planned as a fitting time and place to recall old days. We presented each with a token of our love and esteem, and an assurance of our best wishes which will follow them in their new paths.

In deference to our dramatic luminaries and true to our school-day customs, we set the precedent of presenting a Lenten Drama. Our selection for this year was *Saint Claudia*, a play by Marshall Gould. Margaret Dillon in the title rôle was ably supported by Helen Cahill as Pilate, Mary Louise Rogers as Magdala, while several several other members completed the cast. The efforts of the players who gave their time and energy so willingly to this enterprise were amply repaid by the coöperation of our friends and the success of the play.

Our Easter dance was held in the Princess Ballroom of the Hotel Somerset. Once again we greeted old friends and forgot that our student days were but happy memories. It was but a college dance in different surroundings.

Thus far has the social and business career of the Alumnae organization progressed. Individually we have followed separate paths. The teaching field claimed many. In college, high and grammar schools, the members of our class have taken their places and we are duly proud of their creditable work. Some have entered the business world, while still others are continuing their work for graduate degrees. Yes, our ways are widely divergent now, and as the years roll on they will become even more so. But wherever our work may take us we shall always be together in spirit.

Having blazed the trail with this, a small group of pioneers, we look forward eagerly to the time when the present undergraduates will join us. Depending upon their cooperation, we look to them to carry on the precedents and traditions we have tried to establish. May they, spurred on by the same love and loyalty as we, work with unceasing zeal and courage to bring glory and honor to the name of Regis. May we always be true to the ideals given us by our beloved teachers, always revere the precious memories of our student days, never lose the dear friends we have made, and all work together in harmony and loyalty for the love of our dear College. May Our Divine King bless our endeavors and find us ever faithful to our beloved Alma Mater.

Mrs. Cornelius J. Spillane

President
of the
Regis College Guild

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